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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 122.—Vol. X. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 4, 1906 [Price 6d By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

LADY MARY SACKVILLE

Who has just become engaged to Captain Griffin, A.D.C. to her brother-in-law, Sir Gerald Strickland, Governor of Tasmania

No 122.—Vol. X.

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Wednesday, April 4, 1906

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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COLISEUM GRAND REVUE, MONDAY, APRIL 16th, 1906.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Republic of Plato." (Methuen's Standard Library: 6*d.* paper, and 1*s.* cloth, net.)
"On the Queen's Errands." By Captain Philip Wynter. (Pitman.)
"Longton Hall Porcelain." By William Bemrose. (Bemrose and Sons: 42*s.* net.)
"The Wild Flowers of Selbourne." By John Vaughan. (Lane: 5*s.*)
"A Memoir of Jane Austen." By J. E. Austen Leigh. (Macmillan: 4*s.* net.)
"The Fox." Fur, Feather, and Fin Series. By Thomas F. Dale. (Longmans: 5*s.*)
"Hathor." By Hume Nisbet. (Greening: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Ingoldsby Legends." (Macmillan: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

NEW FICTION

"After Tells No Tales." By Mrs. Albert T. Bradshaw. (Greening: 6*d.*)
"A Soul's Waytaring." By "Z." (Arrowsmith: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Crimson Corridor." By Edward Eagle. (Greening: 2*s.*)
"The Lady of the Decoration." (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"The Poetry of Life." By Bliss Carman. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"Love and Lordship." By Florence Warden. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

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TO

Continental Residents.

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments.

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
April 4, 1906

This year is stated to have witnessed the high tide until now of ski-ing in Scotland. Artists are anticipating with some anxiety the opening of the skying season in London.

* * *

Authors, says our contemporary, the *Lady*, would be better if they slept more. Perhaps the effect would then be so good that readers would sleep less.

* * *

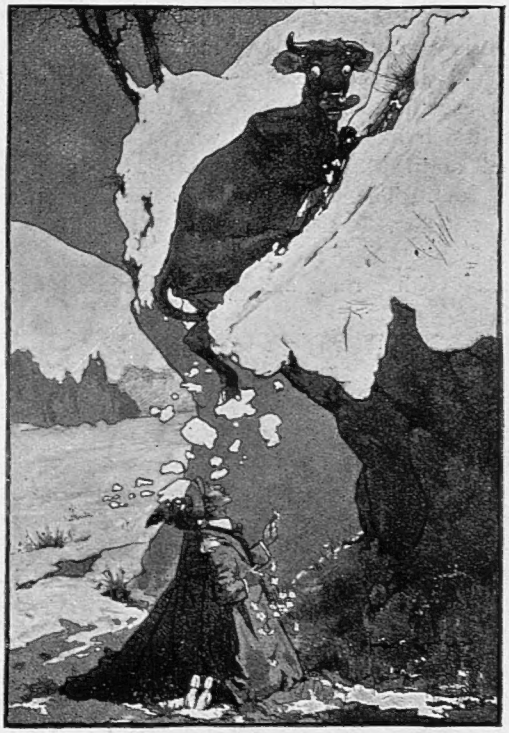
"Entertaining is not only a habit, it has become a second nature," said a writer, last week. But "a second nature" with whom? Not with the ordinary conversationalist one meets.

* * *

I am getting rather tired of arguments for and against the proposals of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, and welcome as a new feature in Parliamentary life the amount of attention devoted by our contemporaries in their political columns to the recent proposal of Lord Graham, whose fiancée, Lady Mary Hamilton, has been assisting him in his candidature for the Eye Division.

* * *

I see it suggested that woman is not "clubbable." On consulting a distinguished and enlightened savage of my acquaintance, recently arrived from Central Africa, however, I learn that this is not the case.



A Late Spring: Snow and cow slips

* * *

The Graphic invites someone to start as a Professor of Personal Appearance, to advise people how to attire themselves. I should prefer first to see a Professor of Personal Disappearance, to advise people how to retire themselves. There would, I feel sure, be numerous calls upon the services of such a gentlemen when the club bore made his appearance, or the income-tax man dropped in.

* * *

"The Club for the Lie" is the heading of an article by Mr. Horace Hutchinson in the *Westminster Gazette*. But I should have thought that any club was the club for the lie, particularly if its membership includes anglers.

* * *

I was charmed, on opening the *Mail* the other day, to learn that a new *Daily Mail* train is to leave Paddington every morning at 3.30 for the West of England, arriving at Bristol at 5.20 and Plymouth at 8.10. When, however, I opened the *Express*, I learned, with some alarm, that a new *Express* train has also been placed on the metals, which will leave Paddington at exactly the same time (3.30) and arrive, also, at Bristol at 5.20 and Plymouth at 8.10. The danger of two expresses leaving a London terminus simultaneously, and travelling in each other's wake for 250 miles, cannot be overestimated. My relief, however, was great when it transpired that the train is the same one, that, in fact, any paper that sent copies by it can, if it likes, christen it with its own name. There is nothing, I was further informed, to prevent my speaking of a BYSTANDER train, if so disposed—in fact, I am told that some of the "expresses" on southern railway lines already bear that title among their regular passengers.

* * *

The week's news has been a series of startling shocks. On Monday, the famous Abyssinian chief, Ras Makonnen died. On Tuesday, the news came to hand of the death of Ras Makonnen, the famous Abyssinian chief. The event which caused the greatest amount of comment on Wednesday, was the news, which came through a Paris Agency, that Ras Makonnen had succumbed. The death was announced on Thursday of Ras Makonnen, the Abyssinian warrior, while on Friday came the news of the decease of the Abyssinian chieftain, Ras Makonnen On Saturday——. (The contributor of this paragraph has been removed to an asylum.—ED.)

The Tyranny of the Telephone

A Social Evil

I have received the following pathetic letter from the Hon. Alexander Fitz-Jones, and hasten to publish it, because I feel that it voices a very general grievance :—

"Pall Mall Mansions,
"St. James's.

"Dear Bystander,—I am sorry I did not have an opportunity of saying a few words to you yesterday, when you tell me you tried, and failed, to ring me up, but the fact is that, though I am still on the register and the vile instrument still stands on my table, I am "off" the telephone. You know how I rejoiced in its possession once, but I have lived to curse the thing. I live, as you know, in the heart of London. I am a bachelor. I am good-looking, so they tell me, and good-natured—this I know to my cost. I believe it is rare to find all these attributes combined, as you would say, in one harmonious whole. The result is, I am heartlessly victimised. It is considered bad form to give *viva voce* invitations to luncheons and dinners, but no one scruples to use the telephone; and all the nice plausible lies, which look so well in a letter, cannot be shouted down a scientific instrument. They want thinking out. The Torture used to begin every morning. Mrs. Ponsonby would find that a guest had suddenly failed her for dinner. She would wildly ring me up, and in a minute I found myself consenting to fill the vacant place. The Cottonheads, scouring the country to find a man to join a little dinner to go on the Vawdrey's dance, would attack me next, and how, I ask you, can you look up your engagements while Patty Cottonhead is saying, 'Do come, I'm sure you're not engaged,' at the end of a wire? I am booked for three atrocious lunches, which I was 'jumped' into accepting, five dances, and ten dinners, and I believe the word has been passed all round Mayfair that I make a good 'fill-up.' Men are scarce, they tell me, and there is a growing class of demon hostesses who keep a list of wretches like myself, who can be victimised easily. Something must be done. We must start an 'Anti-Telephone Society,' or else get a Bill through the House making it illegal to give invitations by wire.

"I thought I had got over the difficulty when I instructed the housemaid, who dusts my rooms, to answer it for me. She rather enjoyed it. She didn't even mind *much* when Bobby started slanging—me, as he thought—and you know how picturesque his metaphors can be. The other day, Sylvia Grahame rang me up to say (as I heard afterwards) that she was coming to tea. I called in the faithful Abigail when the bell rang, so that if it was one of the social pests she could say I was out, but somehow it all went wrong. Little Abigail has an awfully nice voice, and Sylvia chose to think it was someone else, and —oh well! you'll now understand why I've had myself cut off the telephone.—Yours, "Alec Fitz-Jones."

Tableau I.—Dada!

Tableau II.—Mammy!

Scene—The "Bakerloo" Tube: "It's a wise child, etc."

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

The Topictator

April the First

Armed with a motor-horn, Tommy manages to get quite a lot of amusement

The Settlement of the Difficulty

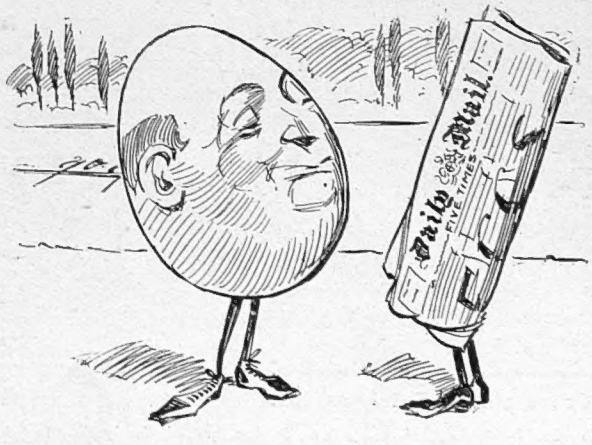
GERMANY: "Ach, Himmel! it vas blaisant to be vonce more in der sunlights"

FRANCE: "Mais, oui—and moreover I carry my point"

Mutual Admiration

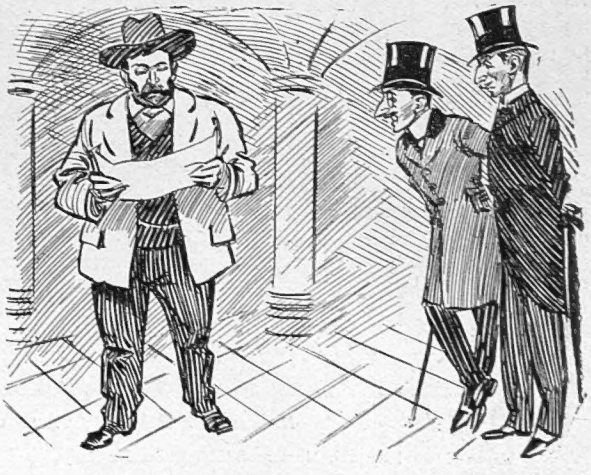
JAPAN: "'Eep, 'eep, 'ooray!"

ENGLAND: "Banzai!—and many of 'em!"



Eggs

OVUM (*to our 'steemed contemporary*): "Strange as it may appear to you, sir, I have been used as an article of food for—oh, quite a while!"

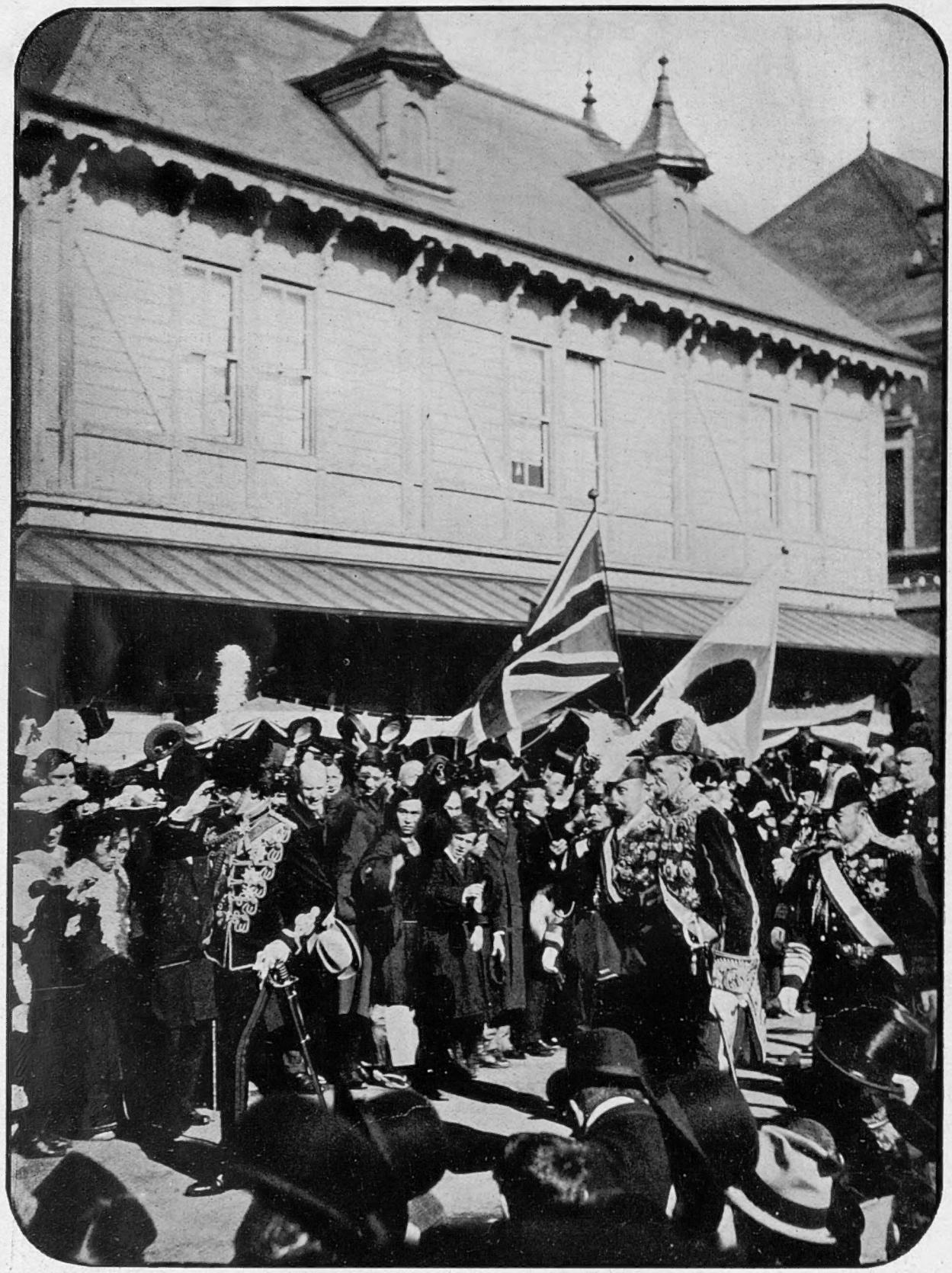


Terrible!

(*An American paper says: "Tories point gloomily to the unprecedented array of baggy trousers and shocking neckties in the Commons"*)

THE HON. RUPERT: "That queer cweature, dear boy, is what the electowate pweferred to one of us. Positively I twemble for the future of the countwy, what?"

Prince Arthur in Japan



Arrival of Prince Arthur of Connaught at Yokohama Pier

Baron General Kuroki, Master of Ceremonies Nagasaki, Sir Claude Macdonald, Admiral Togo, Mr. Barclay, are all clearly shown

Prince Arthur of Connaught, who heads the mission to confer the Order of the Garter on His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, landed in Yokohama on February 19. At 6 a.m. (writes our special correspondent in Yokohama), the cruiser *Diadem* with His Royal Highness on board, first came in sight, escorted by the Japanese cruisers, *Yakumo*, *Azuma*, *Iwate*, and *Chihaya*. A pleasing feature of the reception on the pier was the presentation of a bouquet, arranged to form a Union Jack, to Prince Arthur by Miss Chiyo Sufu, a strikingly beautiful girl of fourteen, the daughter of the Governor of Yokohama

The Grand National

"Ascetic's Silver," winner of the Grand National Steeplechase

The winner is owned by Prince Hatzfeldt, and was ridden by an amateur jockey, Mr. Aubrey Hastings, who is the trainer of his mount

The crowd in the paddock at Aintree

There was an enormous crowd at Aintree this year, including a strong contingent from Ireland, in which country the first three horses past the post were bred

ROUND THE TOWN

The Cost of Royal Residences

I hear that the new stone staircase at Windsor Castle, leading from the East Terrace to the lawn, will have cost about £15,000 before it is completed. Improvements in the Castle itself, which have been going on almost continuously ever since the King came to the Throne, are by now almost completed, though there is still much to be done in the stables and garages, and in the quarters provided for the grooms and chauffeurs.

* * *

The Prince's Motors

In London, the prevalent idea that St. James's Palace is no longer to be used for State functions is discounted by the fact that all the Levée Rooms are to to be refurnished and decorated. At Marlborough House, the Prince's ever-increasing stud of motors will necessitate considerable enlargement of the stabling accommodation.

Miss Cynthia Roche

An Irish girl, who has married Mr. Arthur Scott Burden, of New York

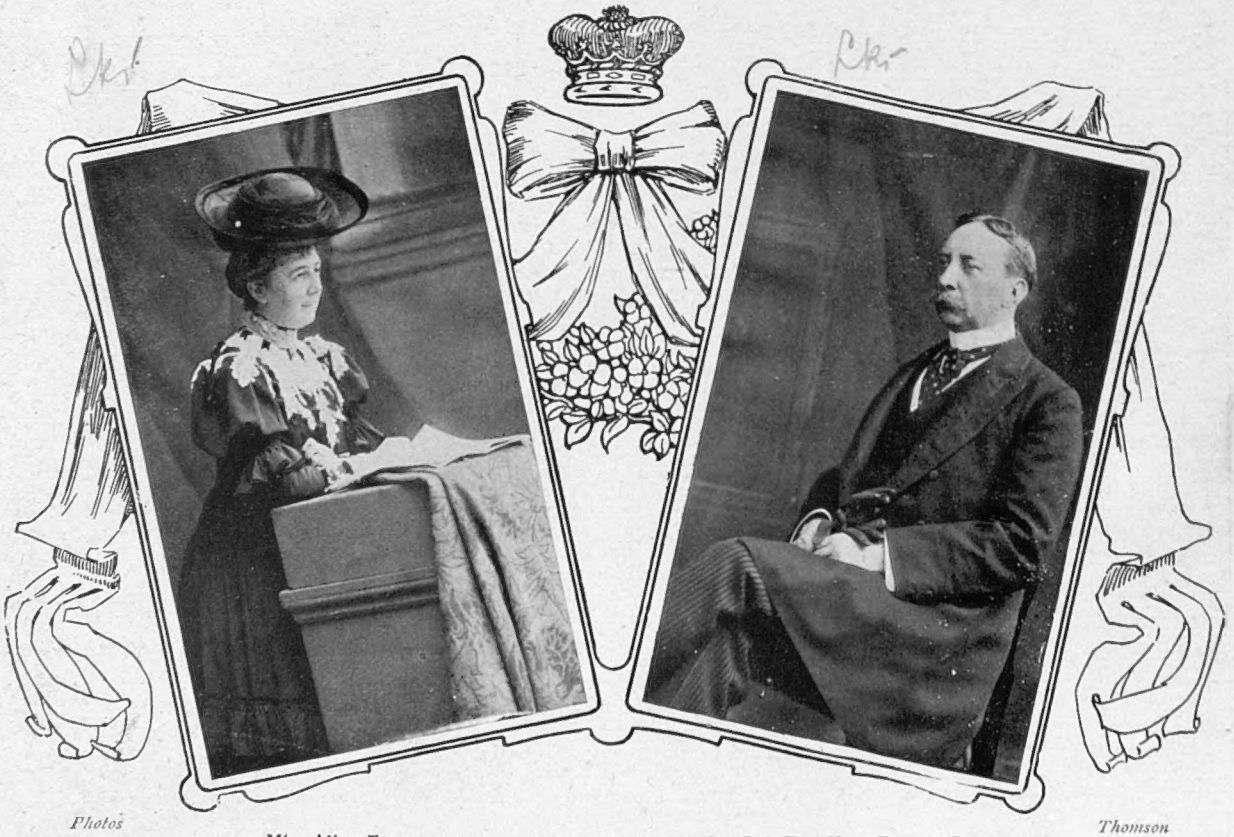
"La Marche Nuptiale"

The latest and most interesting engagement is that of Lady Mary Sackville to Captain Griffin, A.D.C. to her brother-in-law, Sir Gerald Strickland, Governor of Tasmania. Lady Mary has been out in Tasmania, and is now staying at Lord Lamington's in India, and she informed her mother, the Dowager Countess de la Warr, of her engagement by cable early last week. The bride-elect is very pretty, and has the fashionable red-gold hair. She is feminine, the detractors of modern womankind will be pleased to hear, to a degree, and, in contrast to her sister, Lady Margaret—scholar and poetess—cares as little for literature as for sport.

* * *

A Tall, But True Story

Lady Mary may be said to have introduced the now very prevalent fashion of wearing a single big diamond suspended round her neck from a platinum chain as



Photos

Miss Alice Farmer

Only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, of Nonsuch Park, Cheam

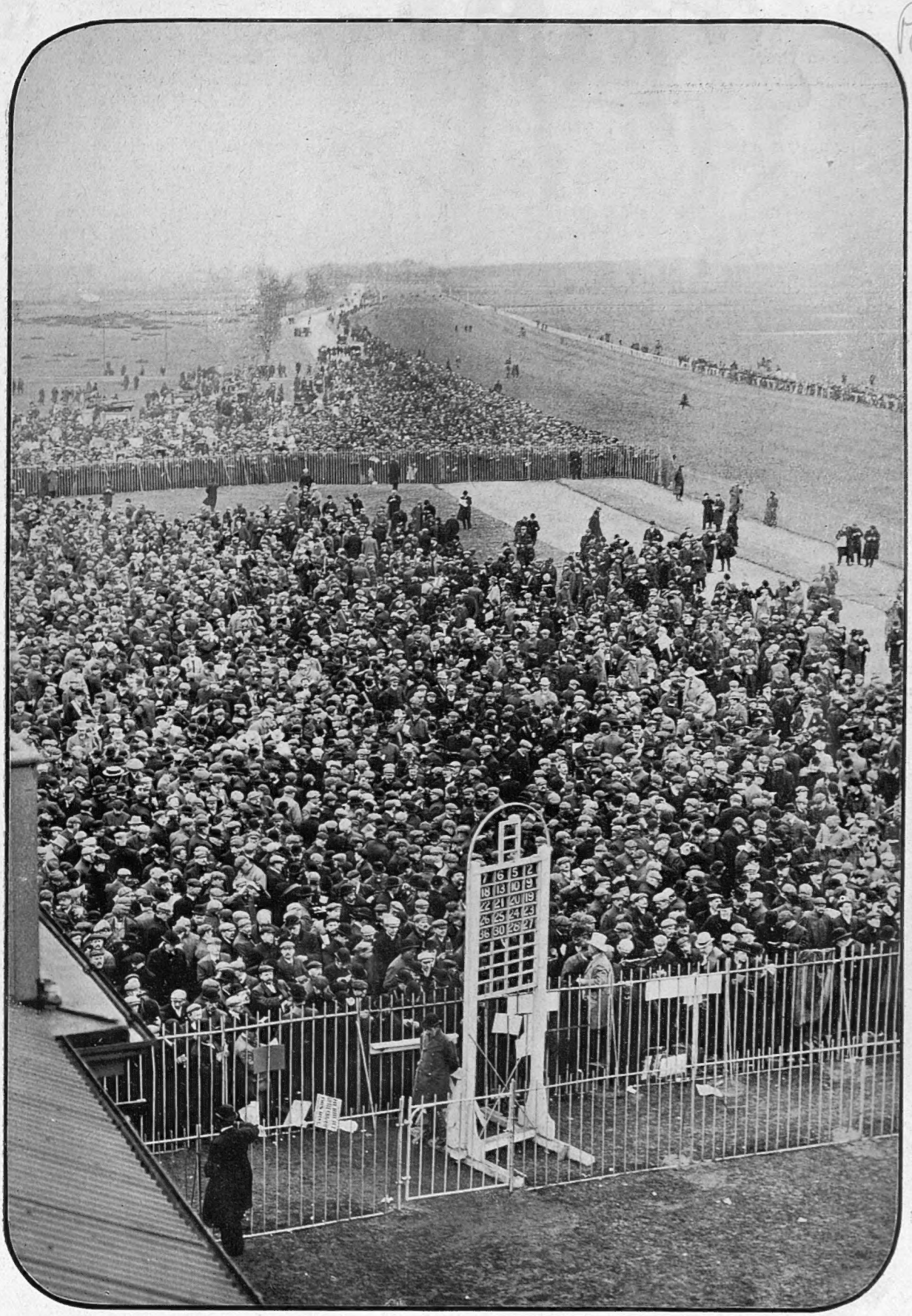
Lt.-Col. The Hon. Francis Colborne

Second son of the late Lord Seaton, to marry Miss Alice Farmer on the 30th

Thomson

TO BE MARRIED ON APRIL 30

The Opening of the Flat-Racing Season



The crowd and course just before the Lincoln Handicap which was won by the French horse, Ob

The BYSTANDER yields to no one in his love for our French neighbours, but the victory of Ob is rather a strain on *l'entente cordiale*—especially if one happens to have backed another horse

Ice and Snow on the Riviera

fine as a hair. Apropos of her big diamond, Lady Mary herself tells the story that some few years ago the house in Grosvenor Street, in which she lived, took fire in the middle of the night. Lady Mary herself managed to escape before the flames reached her room, and her maid following her, in a panic, threw her mistress's jewel-box out of window into the street below, with the idea of keeping it out of possible danger when descending the stairs. The box was picked up outside, but had been broken in the fall. Only Lady Mary's big diamond was missing! Weeks later, walking along Grosvenor Street, she espied it glittering in the sunshine among some stones in the road.

* * *

Two Weddings

Early this month, Princess Beatrice's Equerry-in-Waiting, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Francis Colborne, second son of the late Lord Seaton, is to be married to Miss Alice Farmer, of Nonsuch Park, Cheam; and the following month it is quite a change from the usual order of things to note the marriage of an Irish girl, Miss Cynthia Roche, Lord Fermoy's granddaughter, to an American, Mr. Arthur Scott Burden, of New York.

* * *

Racing House-Parties

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Patricia, will probably be back at Clarence House by to-morrow. During his visit to Liverpool next month, the Duke is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Derby, at Knowsley Park, where there was also a house-party last week for the Liverpool Spring Races, at Aintree. Last year, the King was at Knowsley for the Grand National. He probably remembers the atrocious weather which prevailed during the Liverpool week last year, and does not regret, for once, his absence from the scene of his favourite sport—racing. They have had a spell of cold at Biarritz, but naturally it was heavenly compared with the weather we have been treated to here, especially in the North. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster were also entertaining a few friends at Eaton Hall for the races last week, their guests including Mr. George Wyndham and the Countess Grosvenor.

The weather for the Lincoln Handicap turned out rather better than had been expected, and though few ladies braved the elements, many well-known racing men attended, including Lord Dalmeny and Sir Robert Jardine. This week, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort have a party at Badminton for the Hunt Steeplechases at Sherston on Saturday. The Duchess has just returned from Taormina, where she has been staying with Lady Essex.

* * *

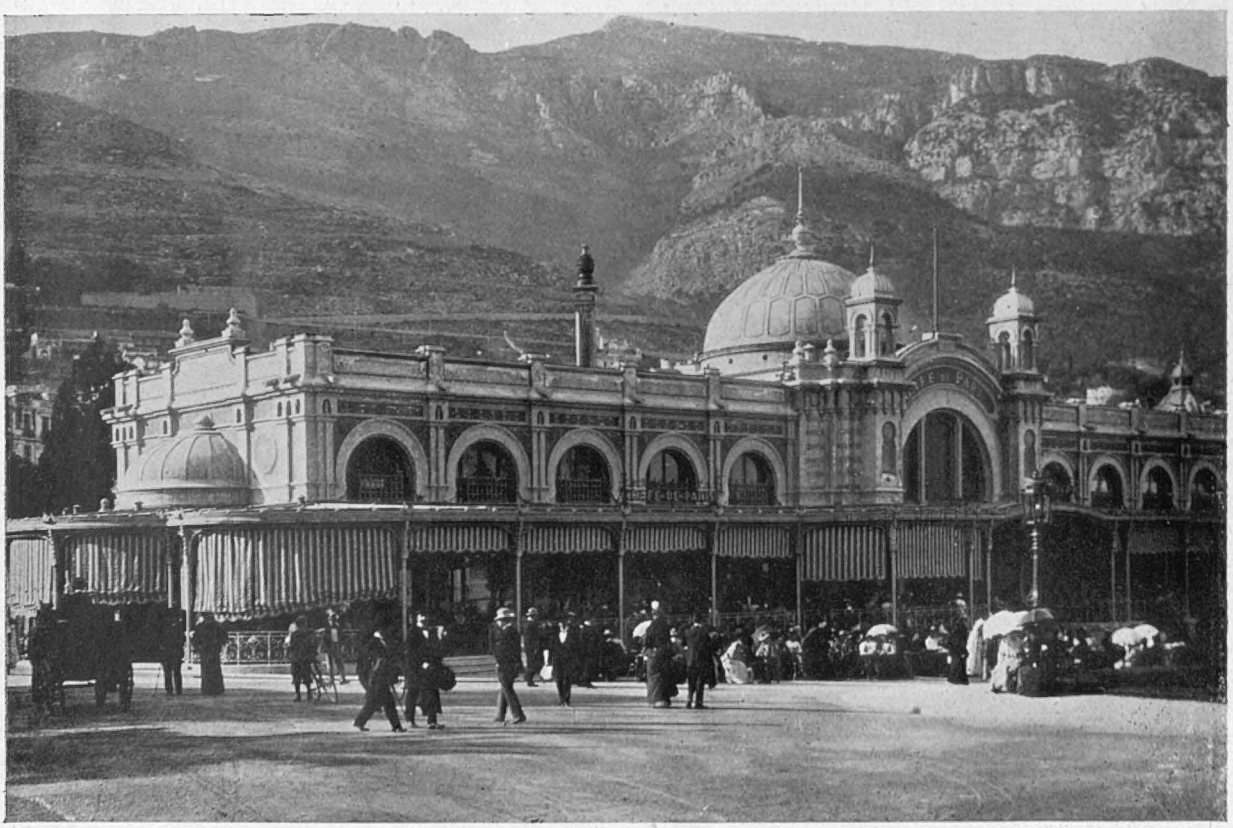
A Late Exodus

"Another week of the North Wind and I eat my head," as the irascible old gentleman in "Oliver Twist" used to say. One's only comfort after bidding the very last of one's southward-flitting friends adieu is to read next morning in the paper:—

AWFUL SNOWSTORMS ON THE RIVIERA.

YOUNG MAN FROZEN TO DEATH OUTSIDE THE CASINO.

Of course, if one were not so taken up with chuckling over the good news and trying to keep out of the



Severe Cold on the Riviera: The famous Café de Faris, opposite the Casino, at Monte Carlo

The Arctic weather of the last fortnight has driven many Londoners to the shores of the Mediterranean. At Monte Carlo the refugees have found the climate but little better, and have been forced to spend the greater part of the time in the Casino, with somewhat costly consequences

Refugees on the Riviera

draught, one might stop to consider that, in all probability, the young man who so obligingly provided the latter headline wasn't really frozen to death at all. He had, doubtless, simply been entertaining some fair lady at the famous Café de Paris, just opposite the Casino, and, on being presented with his bill, retired to die decently of shock outside.

All winds seem to blow good to the Casino, however, and the cold spell, I hear, blew several people into the rooms who had come to Monte Carlo for the warmth and sunshine pure and simple. On one cold day, in particular, quite a galaxy of English Society people were punting at one special table, and amongst them Georgiana Lady Dudley, Lady Willshire—who is at present a grass-widow, her husband having returned to England—and Lady Galloway. One of the biggest losers at Monte Carlo this year, by the way, is a scion of a big distilling house, who backs the red frantically, and—well, it is fortunate for him that spirits are money, for he has dropped much thereof! But let us hasten to look upon the bright side of the picture as represented by winners. In this connection, one can point a moral as well as adorn a tale by relating the edifying story of the British Peer who found himself at Monte Carlo in 1904. No Monte Carlo paragraph would be complete without it.

* * *

A Monte Carlo "Yarn"

The peer in question had—excellent man!—attended divine worship at the local English church, and absent-mindedly wandered out just before the plate came round during the singing of the final hymn. Equally absent-mindedly, doubtless, he entered the Casino. Perhaps he intended to turn his steps to the Salles de Lecture; but, in some mysterious way, he found himself in the Salles de Jeu, and standing close to the first roulette-table. A number, announced by the presiding croupier, intruded itself on his reflections, and struck him as strangely familiar, in a sort of ecclesiastical way. Where had he heard that number before? Happy thought!—it was the number of the concluding hymn announced in church—the hymn under cover of which he had dodged the collection!

Like an inspiration, it came to our noble globe-trotter that this was an omen not to be neglected. Hurriedly he fumbled in his pockets, and withdrew thence a louis—the very louis which he might have put in the offertory, but hadn't. He placed it on the seductive green cloth, backing the hymn's number. Lo and behold, it turned up again; and the peer (smitten suddenly with that strange disease locally known as "cold feet") ambled forth, seven hundred francs to the good.

Thus ends Act I. of the little drama. Act II. opens in church the following Sabbath. The peer's edifying adventure had leaked into publicity, and an eager crowd of gamesters, anxious to repeat his experiment, crowded the building, impatiently awaiting the announcement of the closing hymn. What the clergyman thought of his so remarkably increased audience is not recorded. Perhaps it is just as well that his reflections, on seeing his crammed pews suddenly empty at the approach of the collection-plate, are likewise lost in oblivion. The congregation, in fact, uprose as one man when the hymn was given out, and made tracks for the roulette-table to back its number. The number, needless to remark, did not appear; and a quantity of embryo church-goers were thus lost for ever. Nowadays, however, the hymn's number is chosen carefully from those above thirty-six. No hint to the seeker for roulette omens can thus be given, as the numbers on the wheel rise no higher than that.

Photo *Alice Hughes*

Georgiana, Countess of Dudley

Photos

Lady Willshire

Thomson

The Countess of Galloway

THREE WELL-KNOWN VISITORS TO THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO

* * *

The Olympic Games

The King and Queen are to be the guests of King George and Queen Olga, if they go to Athens at Easter. The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to arrive in Athens on Monday, and they also will stay at the Royal Palace. They are not, however, remaining for the games, at which, by the way, one of the most interesting features will be the fencing, for which a very good quartette, including Lord Desborough, has been sent from England.

Cliveden as a Wedding Gift

A Princely Gift

The name of Lord Desborough reminds me of Taplow, and Taplow reminds me, not only that summer is coming, but of the wedding gift Mr. Astor is giving his son on his marriage with Mrs. Shaw. Beautiful Cliveden and twenty thousand a year to keep it up with! Everyone who knows the Thames above Bray and Maidenhead is familiar with the great white house, towering above the sloping woods which guard the most lovely reach on the river. Lord Desborough's house—Taplow Court—bounds it on the one side, and Hedsor, Lord Boston's Buckinghamshire seat, on the other. Most river people remember Cliveden in the days of the late Duke of Westminster, from whom, some years ago, Mr. Astor bought the place, because, in those days, the late Duke allowed visitors stopping at a little inn, kept by an old servant of the Duke's, at the park gates, to cut right through his grounds, past the house, to the river, and a most lovely walk it was. Mr. Astor, however, does not grant this privilege, and so piscatorial and other visitors to the inn in question have to make a *détour* of some three miles before they can reach the river. Mr. Astor, I believe, bought Cliveden from the Duke lock, stock, and barrel. Mr. Astor's daughter, Mrs. Spender-Clay, has just taken a house in Hill Street, and will be there most of the season.

* * *

The Prince and Princess of Wales in Cairo

The presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales in Cairo last week must have recalled to many how fond the Queen, as Princess of Wales, was of that city, and with what enjoyment she used to wander through the bazaars, buying here and there treasures which are now mostly at Sandringham. The bazaar merchants, however, can hardly have hoped to do much business during last week's Royal visit, for the Prince and Princess must have had a surfeit of things Eastern, and especially of bazaars and their contents, which will last them for many a year.

The Princess, by the way, has added considerably during her tour to her eldest son's already enormous collection of picture postcards, for she has made a point of forwarding him a packet every week with views of the towns and photographs of the natives they have visited or seen. Many of the pictures were snapshotted for the Prince's special benefit by his mother.

* * *

Musical Comedy and the Undergraduate

The undergraduate, released from his arduous labours at Oxford and Cambridge, has thrown himself, with a whole-souled vigour his family and his tutor never suspected to be latent in him, into the pleasant duty of turning up punctiliously at every theatre in London at which musical comedy is being played. For my sins, I have sat through no less than three so-called "musical" comedies this week. At the first I went to, *The Little Cherub*, the stalls and most of the boxes were peopled chiefly by youths of bored and vague exterior, very obviously just let out of school—I mean, college—who worried invisible

A Magnificent Wedding Present: Cliveden Reach and Woods

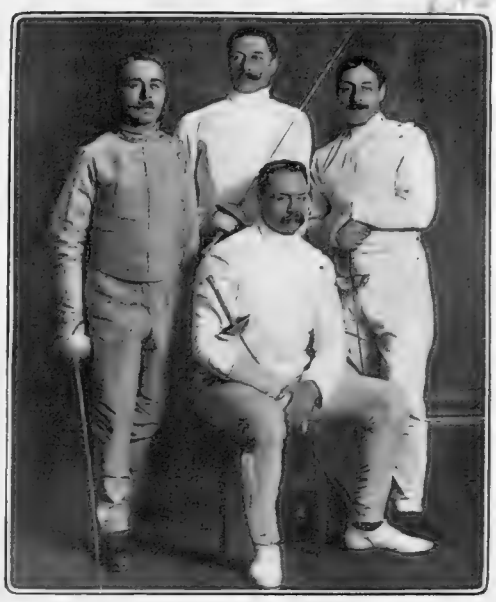
Which has been presented by Mr. Astor to his son on his marriage with Mrs. Langhorne Shaw

Preparing for the Olympic Games

moustaches with a maddening persistency all the time they were in their seats. That, however, was not for long. I don't know what was the matter with them, or whether they just wanted to show their utter boredom at the playing of any member of the cast other than the particular favourites they had come to see, but certain it is that few of them remained in their seats for more than ten minutes at a stretch.

At the Aldwych they, of course, quizzed the "buns" unmercifully, approving, however, on the whole, and rushed out of the theatre every time Mr. Hicks started his gentle gambolling. Of course, if the undergraduate of to-day suffers from nerves, in this case it was excusable, but does he? Their own sex, which seldom wears tights, and isn't interesting when it does, evidently bores them to tears or to flight.

Last, but not least, at the Gaiety the rejuvenated *Spring Chicken* really did seem to please them, and some of them even restrained their youthful fidgets by remaining in their chairs for half an hour at a stretch. Evidently, as men-about-town, they felt themselves at last in their element at that emporium of dashing—and otherwise—youth. Certainly, though their airs and graces were too funny for words, their manners were slightly better than at either of the before-mentioned places of amusement; but, oh, how nice and peaceful it will be when they go up again, and fidget and put on airs to their little hearts' content away from their sincere friends and well-wishers in London!



English fencing representatives at the Olympic Sports

(1) Mr. C. Newton Robinson; (2) Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon; (3) Mr. Edgar Seligman; (4) Lord Desborough

* * *

Mr. Balfour's Blackmailer

Richard Arno Paessler, the young German who tried to extort £5,000 from Mr. Balfour by threatening "terrible misfortunes" for that statesman and his family in the event of refusal, is not to be congratulated on his choice of British public men. A man less likely to dread a "terrible misfortune" for himself than Mr. Balfour, *after* Manchester and the General Election, could not be found. As to his family, Mr. Balfour might be excused if he were even more indifferent, when one remembers how very dangerous are the chiefs of the Cecils as enemies to himself, and Mr. Chamberlain, on the fiscal question. Paessler, who was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, but released on account of the time he has

Photo *Fradelli and Young*

Arena at Athens: Now in active preparation for the great Greek games

Blackmail Mr. Balfour? Why Not?

already been in prison, might have made quite a pile had he threatened with the "Black Hand" some of the younger and more impressionable statesmen now in office, who are less familiar with the cup of sorrow than poor Mr. Balfour. Besides, Paessler had only to add that he was a victim of German Protection, and was starving because unable to afford that small and dear loaf of black bread, on which his countrymen are said to "subsist," to have readily won the sympathy of members of the present Government.

* * *

The Sight-Seeing Japs

The Londoner is never so happy as when somebody else is seeing his sights for him. Consequently, citizens have been hugely pleased, during the last week, as they have gone to and from their offices, to think that no less than six hundred intelligent sailors from Japan have been inspecting St. Paul's, the Tower, the Abbey, the Marble Arch, Parliament, the Crystal Palace, Greenwich Hospital, and other places whose names are, thanks to the newspapers, the electric telegraph, and the penny post, now quite familiar to the majority of Londoners. We have also, secretly, been quite glad to think that the foreigner has shiveringly found out for himself the true, inner meaning of the expressions, "Spring" and the "English climate." "Togo's tars" have eaten many meals among us, and the action of the Coliseum in providing them with a little "something to eat" was much appreciated, despite the startled look on the faces of some of them, as shown in our photograph. The visit to the House of Commons, too, was a great success, and, in order that the Japs might carry away a favourable impression of the "Mother of Parliaments," it was arranged that the visit should take place while the House was not sitting.

BYSTANDER.

Richard Arno Paessler

The young German who tried to extract £5,000 from Mr. Balfour by threatening him with "terrible misfortune." Asked why he selected Mr. Balfour, he replied, "Why not?"

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Admiral Togo's Tars entertained at the Coliseum

The second squad of three hundred of Admiral Togo's tars were entertained at the three o'clock performance at the Coliseum on Tuesday, March 27, in precisely the same manner as were those who attended the Monday performance. After the curtain was rung down, the three hundred bluejackets were entertained to tea in the Coliseum terrace tea-room

THE FOOL: "My mother wants me to propose to you"
THE HEIRESS: "Indeed! Why?"

DRAWN BY HOWARD SOMERVILLE

Are Bank-Notes Easy to Forge?

SOME VIEWS INSIDE THE BANK OF ENGLAND

The Governor's Room, Bank of England

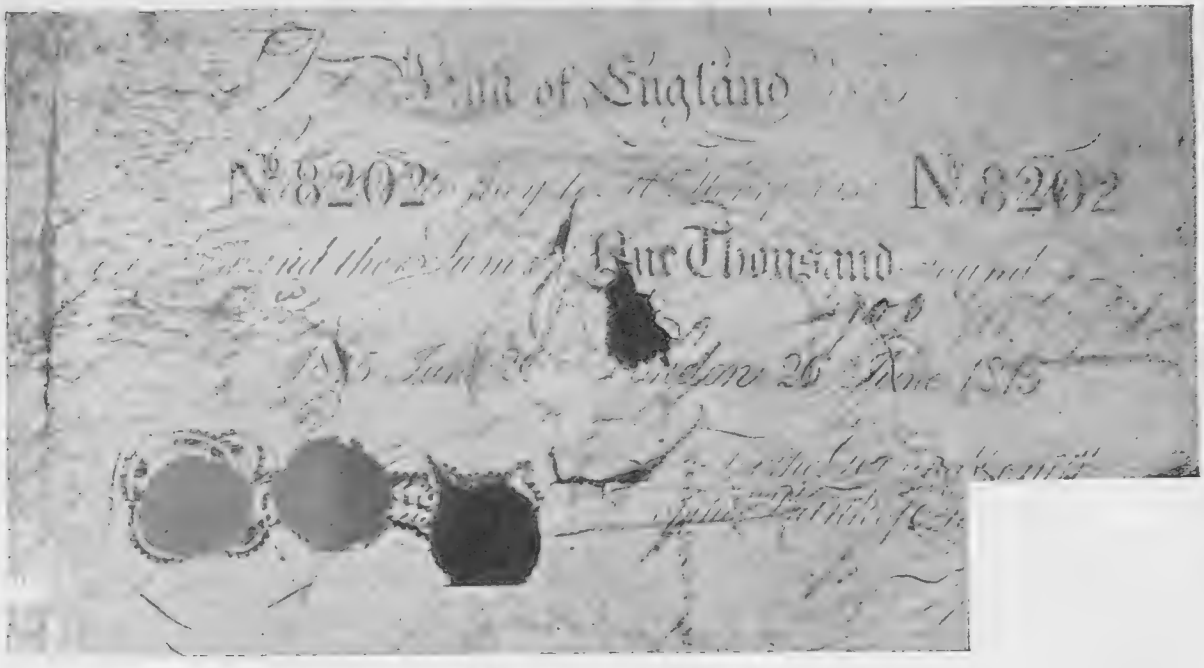
In which many an exciting encounter has taken place between the authorities and attempted bank-robbers

Somewhat of a bombshell in Bank of England circles was the remark of William Barmash the other day, on being released from imprisonment on conviction for conspiring to forge bank-notes, that "Bank of England notes are ridiculously easy to imitate. The dull single-coloured ink in which they are printed is an inducement to forgers." He suggested that the Bank should print notes in fifteen or sixteen colours, which would necessitate the introduction of new-fangled methods not at all to the taste of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. At

Photos] **Machinery on the Bank premises, by which bank-notes are printed** *[Bunnett*

Which it is suggested should be improved by the addition of colour printing—to better baffle forgers

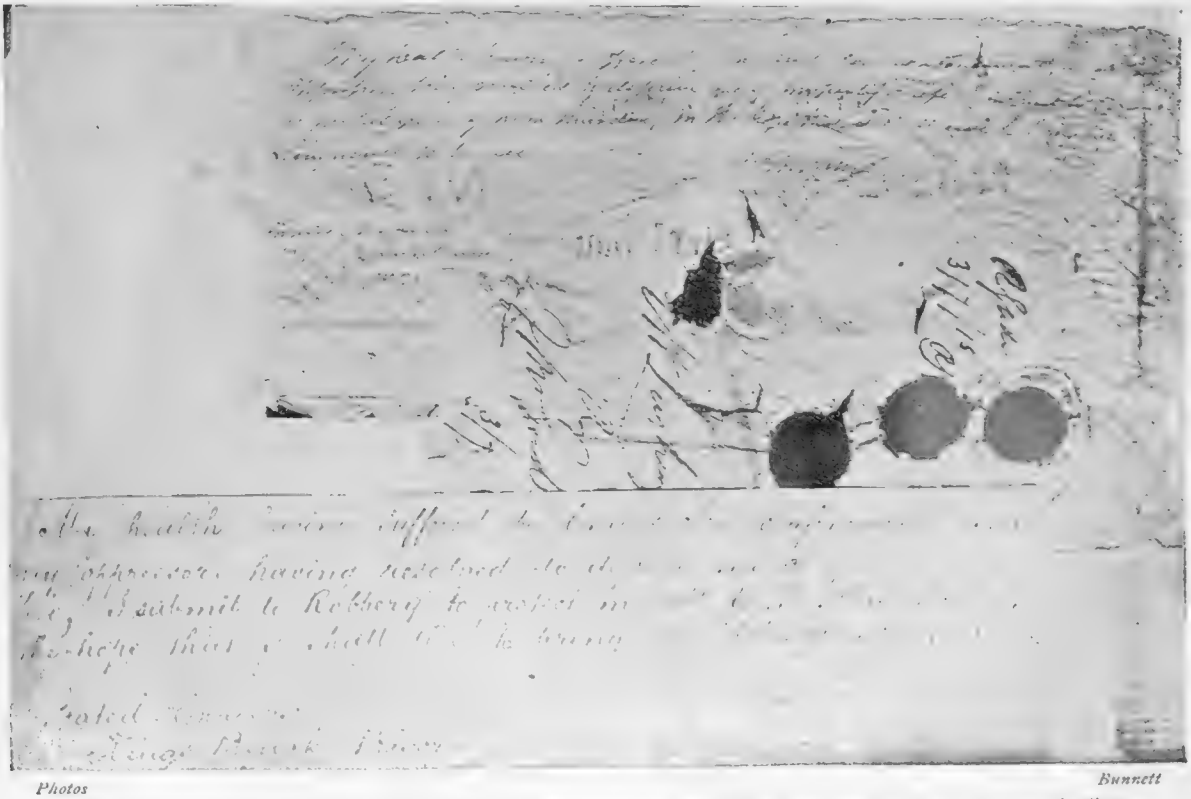
An Historical Bank-Note



A £1,000 bank-note with a history

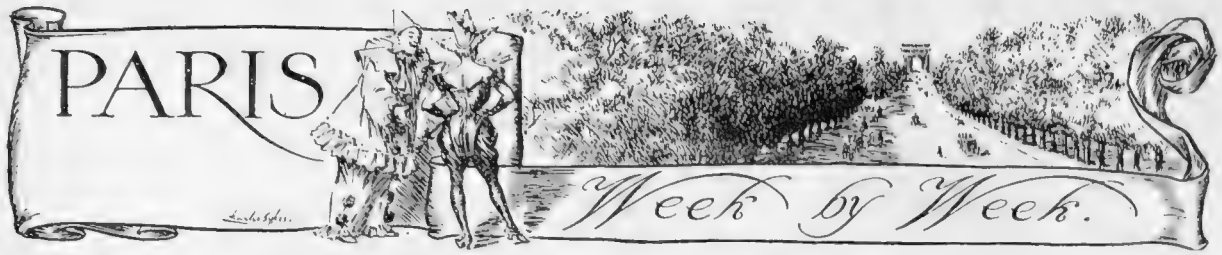
This note is the one with which Admiral Cochrane, who was wrongfully convicted of swindling, paid a fine of £1,000 as part of the sentence he received. On the back of it is a memorandum written by the Admiral whilst confined in the King's Bench Prison, the text of which is seen below

present, as all her visitors know, the process of printing bank-notes, which takes place within the precincts of the Bank, is quite complicated enough, as our photograph indicates. Quite a Saga could be collected of Bank of England stories, did the Governor care to divulge what he knows, and to relate some of the curious scenes and interviews that have taken place in the room of which we are publishing a picture here. It was once proved to the Governor that a subterranean raid could be made on the Bank by excavations from the City sewers which flow near by. One of the Bank's interesting trophies is the bank-note here reproduced, paid under protest by Admiral Cochrane as a fine of £1,000, part of a sentence for swindling. At the back of the note will be seen Cochrane's own comment on the sentence, written while in the King's Bench Prison. Cochrane, after having defeated the French in 1809, was falsely accused of fraud, and sentenced to the above fine and a year's imprisonment.



Photos *Bunnett*

Admiral Cochrane's protest against wrongful sentence, written on the back of the bank-note with which he paid the fine



By FRANCES KEYZER

The Electioneering Campaign

On April 15 the electioneering campaign will begin here in earnest, and until May 6 *Messieurs les Députés* have three weeks to work their constituencies. As could be expected, the Church Inventory question has given the opponents of the Government a dangerous weapon, which they are using for all it is worth. When I say "they," I specially refer to the mothers, the wives, the sisters, and the daughters, of the members of the French aristocracy, whose mentality is on the same plane as that of their male relatives, to whom I had occasion to refer some time ago. In China, women's feet are compressed until they become deformed. In France, the minds of the daughters of the aristocracy are submitted to a process of deformation—which is worse. This operation is effectually performed in the various convents, especially in the famous schools of Le Sacré Cœur and Les Oiseaux. And when the pupils leave these educational establishments, their intellects have been sufficiently distorted and twisted to allow them to undertake the mission in life which the Church militant has assigned to them. The young girls have been taught that the Republic is the enemy of mankind, patronised by the Evil One, especially when this Republic crosses flags with Protestant England, and signs arbitration treaties instead of glorifying the sword. All this, and much more, they learn from *les bonnes sœurs*, who give them to understand that progress and common-sense are dangerous; and that if, for instance, anyone should be, unfortunately, bitten by a rabid dog, a pilgrimage to Lourdes is preferable to a visit to the Pasteur Institute. The Church has always opposed miracles to science.

M. Georges Clémenceau

The celebrated journalist and deputy, who is now in the French Cabinet

* * *

Aristocracy on the Warpath

Thanks to these admirable teachings, it is not surprising that the noble ladies should perform wonderful deeds. When that good-natured mountebank, General Boulanger, made himself the puppet of the Royalist party, the Duchess d'Uzès contributed no less a sum than £120,000 towards the great cause, *i.e.* the overthrow of the Republic. The sums spent by the French aristocracy during the Dreyfus affair attained an almost incredible figure, the "cause" in this instance having been the furtherance of religious hatred, and a general crusade against heretics of every description. We next had an opportunity of admiring their attitude at the time of the expulsion of the Congregations. Nine-tenths of the regular clergy in France were delighted when these monks, political conspirators, were expelled; but the Faubourg-Saint-Germain thought otherwise. The Baronne de Reille and other noble dames met in the Place de la Concorde to "*Conspuer* Loubet," in other words, "to hoot the President." "We are martyrs to our cause," shouted the elegant Amazons, "and you must trample us to death ere you can move us!" The ladies of the French aristocracy are now on the warpath, in the firm belief that the best way to serve the Church and obtain the remittance of their sins is to cause trouble to the Government. It is a pity that so much energy and money should be wasted on useless demonstrations. In England, our women help their party, but the strife is conducted on political lines alone. In France, the convent education is answerable for the mistake in trying to work back to the darkness of the Middle Ages.

* * *

M. Clémenceau in the Cabinet

M. Clémenceau is to be congratulated on his first step in power. His warm-heartedness led him to do the right thing in the Courrières disaster. And now? Will he wait for the result of the elections before making his presence felt in the Cabinet? Or has the overthrower of ministries nothing to say against the body of which he is an arm, and perhaps a leg? A strong man in the Opposition! And now? *Nous verrons.*

* * *

English Players in Paris

There was a singular audience to listen to the English comedy at the Capucines Theatre on the Boulevard. Theatre-goers looked again and wondered where they were. The invitation cards sent to the Press bore the explanatory notice of the coming of a London Company of players, adding that the proceeds of the entertainment would be given to the victims of the mine in the Pas de Calais. The idea was an excellent one, but, unfortunately, enough publicity had not been given to the attempt. Who were these remarkable-looking people in the boxes and stalls? I knew the types, but they somehow failed to understand

English Players in Paris

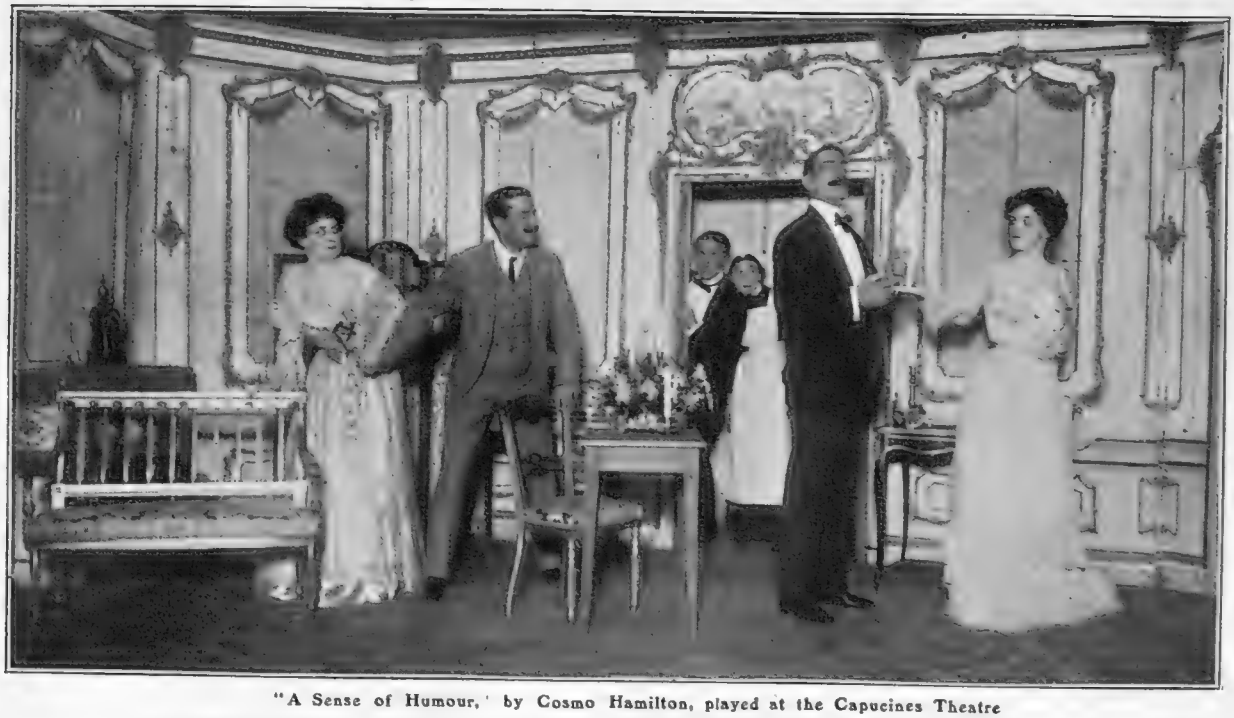
each other, for I heard murmurs of, "What a funny crowd," or words to that effect. And they were a funny crowd. But who were they? The performance took place on the day of the dress-rehearsal of *Aphrodite* at the Opéra Comique, consequently the critics were not at the Capucines; but they had given their seats to friends, and there were some Parisians in the little house, just a few who understood English. The remainder were the inmates of the boarding-houses in the capital, women and girls of all nationalities, Spanish, German, Russian, Danish, learning English at a well-known school of languages. The school had paid the expenses of the English Company, and it might have been a capital advertisement. But it only looked like a breaking-up party, with a play chosen for its moral lesson. *A Sense of Humour* on a Paris stage, no matter how small, was a conundrum to the Parisians who happened to be present. Two husbands who adore their wives! How delightful! But how improbable! A Parisian adores his children, but he doesn't adore his wife! He marries her, as a rule, as a business arrangement. The preliminaries have been settled between their respective families. He has so much. She has so much. They have met and are not displeased with one another, and the banns are published. In time Madame may become fond of Monsieur, and Monsieur may think he has a charming wife. She may even become quite fond. He rarely so. He may become all the world to her. She is, generally, only the mother of his children. There is somebody else he adores. He makes a good husband and father, according to his ideas of duty; but he is somebody else's lover. Therefore, *The Sense of Humour* had quite another signification to the French than to the sprinkling of English who assisted at the performance of the little comedy. On one subject, however, everybody was of the same opinion. The French and the cosmopolitan audience were delighted with the acting. It was not the fault of the actors that they were made to utter improbable sentiments, and wring their hands when they should have punched heads. To a Frenchman, the idea of another man walking up to bed with a candle and his wife, while he looks on, wants a greater "sense of humour" than he is capable of.

* * *

The Stupidity of Trees

A gentleman-farmer in the South of France—a delightful crank—has made the somewhat startling discovery that here below nothing is so stupid as a tree. Compared to the tree, oysters and mussels are intelligent, and even cultured, for, in the course of centuries, they have picked up some knowledge and experience, whilst the tree is no wiser to-day than he was when the first woman plucked the first apple. Since time immemorial, says our friend, the first days in March are marked by sunshine and heat, and the stupid tree, believing Spring is here, begins to blossom. Three weeks later the snow begins to fall, the thermometer marks so many degrees below freezing point, whereupon the crop becomes hopelessly compromised. Every year the same trick is played upon the tree, and every year he allows himself to be caught. The old ones are as silly as the young ones. And the gentleman-farmer intends to ask the State to offer a prize to anyone who discovers the means of preventing fruit trees from being bamboozled in this absurd fashion.

Lancelot



"A Sense of Humour," by Cosmo Hamilton, played at the Capucines Theatre

The cast included Messrs. Aubrey Smith, Nye Chart, R. Dance, and Mesdames Ada Webster and Maude Hoffmann

The PLAYHOUSES

The Haymarket

"THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S"

The revival at the Haymarket has filled a long-felt want. There is an exceedingly funny piece now being played in town. The majority will accept this visitation with a brief prayer of thankfulness and pass on. But to the analytical minority the case is one of interest Looking back upon a season of revivals they will seek for an explanation of the freshness and humour which Mr. Anstey's play still exhales. They will recall many a pang of disappointment suffered during the performance of a revival. Too often the revival merely serves to destroy old idols which have long rested upon a pedestal of humour.

Without much thought they will light upon this solution of the problem. Mr. Anstey's piece belongs to the order of genuine farce (it is called a comedy, but no matter). It is a preposterous skit upon the pretensions and vulgarity of a certain section of dwellers in Suburbia. It is gross caricature, too far-fetched to be judged by the severer standards of comedy. Consequently, it is of no age, and is just as likely to amuse the children of the next generation as it amuses us.

The play is so amusing that it carries us along and gives us no time to notice little defects, such as "asides," and points where the author is not strong in his sense of the stage.

An impression of Sir Charles Wyndham in "The Candidate"

(Drawn by Charles R. Sykes)

An Amazing Dinner-Party

In the dinner-party scene, for instance, couples carry on conversations which the others, who perforce have to keep silent, are by no means intended to hear. But this does not detract from the merriment which the scene evokes. Not only are the situations in the play extravagantly funny, but the characters are drawn so clearly as to give the richest opportunities to the players. The cast at the Haymarket is about as good as it can be. Not a member of the cast but gets every ounce out of his part. Mr. Charles Hawtrey, with comparatively little to do, plays that little with such ease and unconsciousness as to make the Man from Blankley's far more prominent than he actually is.

Concerning the Players

Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, with an upstanding wisp of hair, so attractive that the eye follows it about wherever he moves, fills in his part with a delightful bubble of laughter. Miss Fanny Brough, never so good as when playing the part of a shrew, has a look which would inspire dread in the heart of the boldest man. Miss Brough, when she is cross, is so very very cross. Her withering glances at the supposed Man from Blankley's are most mirth-provoking.

Then there is Mr. Weedon Grossmith as the vulgar little toady, Montague Tidmarsh, and Mr. Henry Kemble as the unctuous and snobbish uncle, Gilwattle. Both are excellent. The *jeune fille* is played by Miss Dagmar Wiehe, a pretty newcomer who does not fall into the common fault of the beginner —over-acting.

Minor character parts are most humorously and incisively filled in by Mr. Arthur Playfair, Miss Lydia Rachel, and Miss C. Ewell. Do not miss seeing *The Man from Blankley's.*

* * *

Mr. Bourchier on the Drama

We are all in accord with Mr. Bourchier when he pleads, as he did at the annual dinner of the Gallery First-Nighters' Club, for pleasant plays as opposed to those which present a re-hash of the sweepings of the Divorce Court. It is certainly a little hard upon modern members of Society, some of whom lead quite exemplary lives, that the black sheep should exert such an attraction for the dramatist in search of models. For a collection of black sheep types—all very interesting in their way—is so often presented to us as a picture of modern life that we are inclined to believe that the wholesome and pleasant elements of Society are abnormal. Mr. Bourchier, in virtuous indignation at the state of affairs, proceeded to state that no play had ever made for the good of its author, its producer, the actors engaged in it, or of anyone else, which had a breach of the seventh commandment for its pivot or the display of the seamy side of private life for its *raison d'être.* This

is going a bit far. I could quote many such plays which had brought joy to the heart of the management, nice long runs for the actors, and a most interesting evening for the audience.

* * *

Miscellanea

The Candidate is now preceded by *Dinner for Two*, an episode in one act, by R. C. Carton, in which Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. York Stephens, and Mr. Herbert Duppa will appear.

* * *

Mauricette, at the Lyric Theatre, with Mr. H. B. Irving, Miss Dorothea Baird, and Miss Marion Terry in the leading parts, is preceded, at 8.15, by Mr. Sam Sothern in a duologue with a dog, entitled, *What Shall I Say to Her?* written by his brother, Mr. E. H. Sothern, the famous American actor. The performance of *Mauricette* starts at 8.45 p.m.

* * *

On the evening of Saturday, April 7, Mr. Cyril Maude will, at the Waldorf Theatre, revive *The Second in Command*. Included in the cast are, in addition to Mr. Maude, Mr. Eille Norwood, Mr. G. M. Graham, Mr. Charles Maude, Mr. Percival Stevens, Miss Ada Ferrar, Miss Madge Titheradge, and Miss Sybil Carlisle.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Clo Graves

Whose play, *The Bond of Union*, will be produced by Miss Lena Ashwell at the Savoy Theatre at Easter

* * *

There is a very entertaining programme at the Palace Theatre these days, the *pièce de résistance* being a musical comedietta entitled *Madame Lingerie*. In this bright little trifle, the dancing and singing is of a much higher order than is the case in some musical comedies I could name. Then there is Miss Carrie Moore, who sings a dainty ditty entitled, "Umpty-Umpty-Um," and a host of other clever performers. Miss Moore, by the way, is, so the *Express* tells us, to be one of the *Dairy Maids* when that piece is produced at the Apollo Theatre. One of the scenes is a girls' gymnasium, in which Miss Moore will pose as the "Symmetrion" girl. With the passion for the real thing, which characterises modern managers, Mr. Eugene Sandow has been engaged, so we are told, to coach the "gym." scene, and teach Miss Moore the most effective methods of showing her muscles!

E. C. S.

Mr. Harry Nicholls *(Zekiel Homespun)*

Mr. Cyril Maude *(Dr. Pangloss, LL.D. & A.S.S.)*

"The Heir-at-Law" at the Waldorf Theatre

The play provides Mr. Maude with a delightful part in the person of "Dr. Pangloss, LL.D. and A.S.S.," who undertakes to "fashion the discourse" of the uncouth chandler suddenly raised to the peerage. Dr. Pangloss is a most amusing old fraud, whose conversation teems with classical quotations most aptly selected. He is here shown at the Blue Boar Inn, where he has come to meet Dick Dowlass, the supposed peer's son, to whom he is to act as tutor. He finds an honest young farmer, Zekiel Homespun, who is one of Dick's old companions

Eye and Its Election

SOME VIEWS IN THE QUAINT OLD SUFFOLK TOWN

The thriving little town of Eye has, during the last week, been the centre of quite an unusual interest on the part of the outer world. At a very significant moment in the politics of the nation, it has fallen to Eye to be the first to give its view as to whether the country really meant what it voted a few months ago—if it was really as democratic as the thumping Liberal majority has led one to suppose. Eye, at the time of going to press, has not pronounced its verdict; as yet, the contest between Lord Graham and Mr. Harold Pearson, aided by an imposing array of feminine beauty and enthusiasm, is still in furious progress, and this is my excuse for saying a few words on the town and its environs, illustrated by the evidence of the camera.

The Old Nunnery at Eye

Now used as a barn

Eye has a population of considerably less than three thousand. It lies at a distance of about two miles, as the crow flies, from the main road between Ipswich and Norwich, and about six miles from the Norfolk border.

Cottages, thatched with reed, are the chief dwelling-places. They are lovely of their kind, as the square Norman keep behind is lovely, and the more modern, but still ancient, church is lovely also. The old portion of the grammar school at Eye is a vision of solid peace, by comparison with which the addition is impertinent aggressiveness; and the nunnery is still a nunnery, though a utilitarian generation has put it to the uses of a barn. In fact, at Eye we find on every hand the good old times struggling resolutely against modernity at a fair distance from its base.

From Norwich, however, we approach the little town through more typical East Anglian country, walking about nineteen miles along the more important high road towards Ipswich before reaching Scole, or, better still, taking train to Diss. Between Diss and the Suffolk border is the Thrandeston Bog, threaded by the River Waveney. It is not by any means the bog it was in the brave old days. What we see, in fact, from the bridge across the Waveney is quite a well-regulated stream, pursuing its even and unhurried pace through fat, green meadows, fringed with trees that dip down and whisper their secrets to the fish

Photos *Topical Agency*

View of Castle and Church, Eye, Suffolk

that inhabit all these Broadland streams. That gaudy creature, the rudd, is, no doubt, in very fine fettle just now, keeping school under yonder alder, if he is to be found so far up from Beccles thus early in the year.

Suffolk is a rising county, in a physico-geographical sense. It has risen many inches, and perhaps a few feet, since the time when jolly monks inhabited the monastery at Eye, far more like an island in those days than it is now. On the banks of the Waveney, an old man in a century-worn smock stood beneath some great white poplars. He told how he saw his father (from whom, of course, that smock descended) wade waist-deep into the stream to thrust in the stakes that developed into those trees now standing a foot above the level of the water. In a spirit of mischief, we contradicted him, but could not extract from him the asseveration, "By the red book of Eye," which is what the good people of the district swore by up to within the present fifty years.

The Church at Eye
Which was restored in 1869

Helmingham Hall, near Eye, is one of the most interesting seats in the country. It contains oak panelling, black as ebony with careful age, much Elizabethan furniture, and many family portraits of the Tollemaches of great historical value. It is surrounded by a moat of clear water, and approached by a drawbridge.

But the amusing part of the whole thing is that quaint little Eye should actually be the centre of an electoral division. Why, even Eye itself blushes a little at the thought. Nevertheless, a vote's a vote, for a' that.

Photos *Topical Agency*

The Grammar School at Eye

The Seat of the

POWD CAS

The Marble Hall

The Drawing Room

Powderham Castle, alike f
the magnificence of its site
place" of Devon. The seat
of white Exmouth stone and
and other creepers. Of late
and is now in good order and
finely timbered, extend for o
views of the broad River
which, is by the way, in se
months or longer (for parti
Frank and Rutley, of 9, Cond
7,000 acres in extent, and hol
with good partridge driving.

Frontage

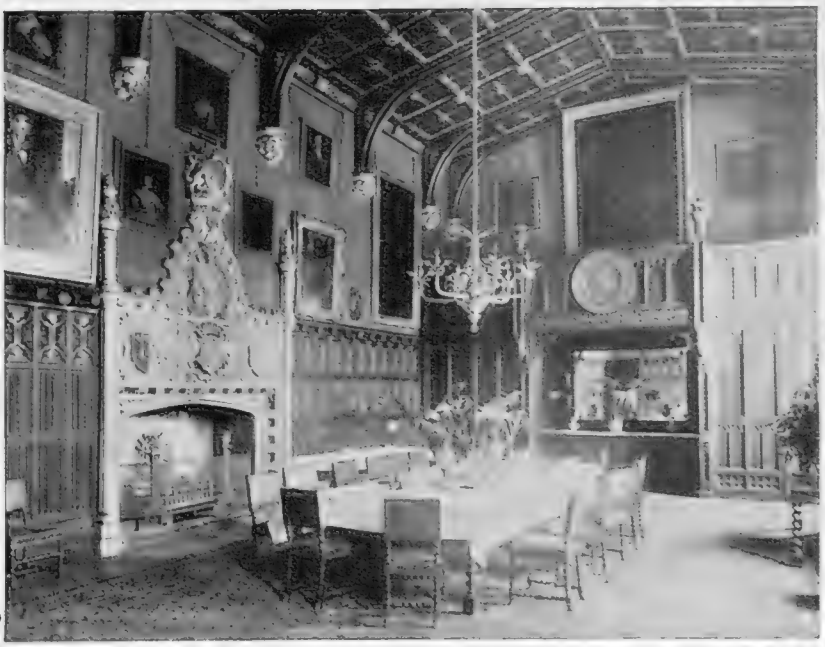
ERHAM TLE.

the beauty of its structure, and
and surroundings, is a "show
of the Earl of Devon, it is built
brick, covered in places with ivy
t has been greatly modernised,
eautifully furnished. Its grounds,
er 300 acres, and command fine
Exe and the sea. Powderham,
ch of a tenant for the summer
ulars apply to Messrs. Knight,
t Street, W.), possesses shooting
s from 5,000 to 7,000 pheasants,

to Garden

Earl of Devon

An Ante Room



The Dining Room

The Connoisseur.

THE COLLECTOR OF ENGLISH PORCELAINS

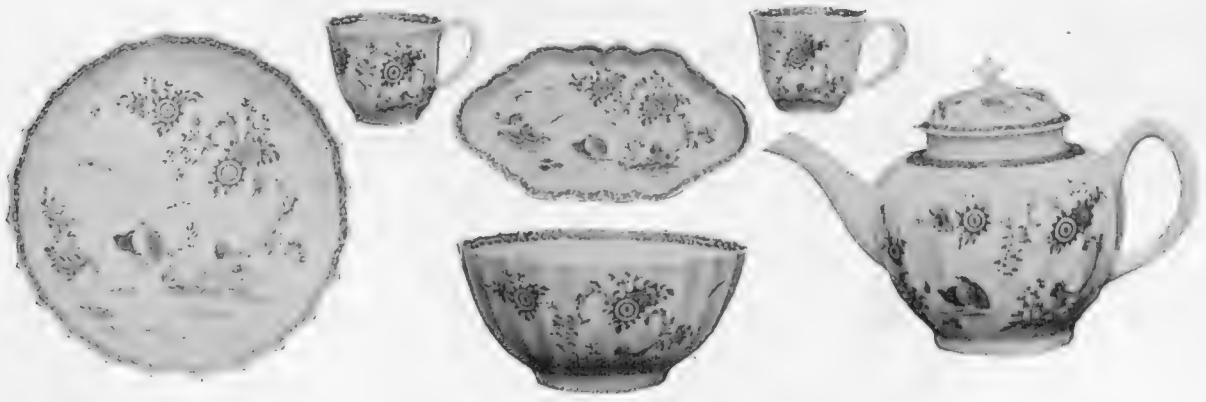
In the spring, a livelier iris changes on the burnished gilding of old porcelains, and the collector's fancy for the now rare and sought-after china-ware of early English production revives, and lightly, but surely, turns to thoughts of Christie's. The fine old days, when one could venture out into the world with a handful of silver and return with a variety of "finds" whose history was to be discovered and discussed at leisure, are over. All the potteries of one hundred and, say, forty years ago are now shorn of mystery by the scientific inquirer, and soon almost every piece of importance will be known. Towards this end many admirable books have been published of late, but the most recent, "The First Century of English Porcelain" (Hurst and Blackett), will be added to the library of ceramics with no small pleasure and profit. Mr. Moore Binns was for years art director of the porcelain works at Worcester, and is accomplished on both the artistic and the technical side. His book views the whole field of early English ceramics from a slightly different point of observation from that of the best-known recent writers on the subject—Mr. Solon, Mr. Burton, Mr. Bemrose, and Mr. Hobson. Mr. Binns begins with an introductory paper, which he calls "The Collector," in which he sketches some of the pleasures of the chase, and outlines the history of many of the more important European factories.

Frauds in English Porcelains

He does not hesitate to point out that the fashion of collecting eighteeenth-century English porcelains has produced enormous quantities of frauds and shams, that are being daily foisted by the unscrupulous on the unwary. He justly holds that the test of the true collector is his ability to catalogue his specimens. If one cannot do this—and the operation will enable one to discover many of those affable shams which affect all of us—one may as well give up the quest. Another way, however, is to be content with the decorative effect of a piece, and not to care particularly as to its attribution, or its market value. To those who follow such a course —well, the world is before them. Such a tea-set as is shown in our illustration—should such a collector happen on it—will, doubtless, go to help fill his decorative cabinet for the semi-Oriental design, and the quality of the porcelain itself possess an old-world beauty, which can defy even ignorance, and charm alike the unknowing and the connoisseur. Another class of early English work, which even the most uninstructed of collectors of ceramics will appreciate should he meet with it, is that partly French style of work—the bisque figures which were at once Continental in feeling and British in workmanship. The specimen we give from Mr. Binns's finely illustrated work shows one of those little groups which Jean Jacque Spengler modelled with so much grace and freedom. The "Three Virgins Distressing Cupid" is not a piece that the casual collector will often chance upon in perfection. E. M.

"Three Virgins Distressing Cupid"

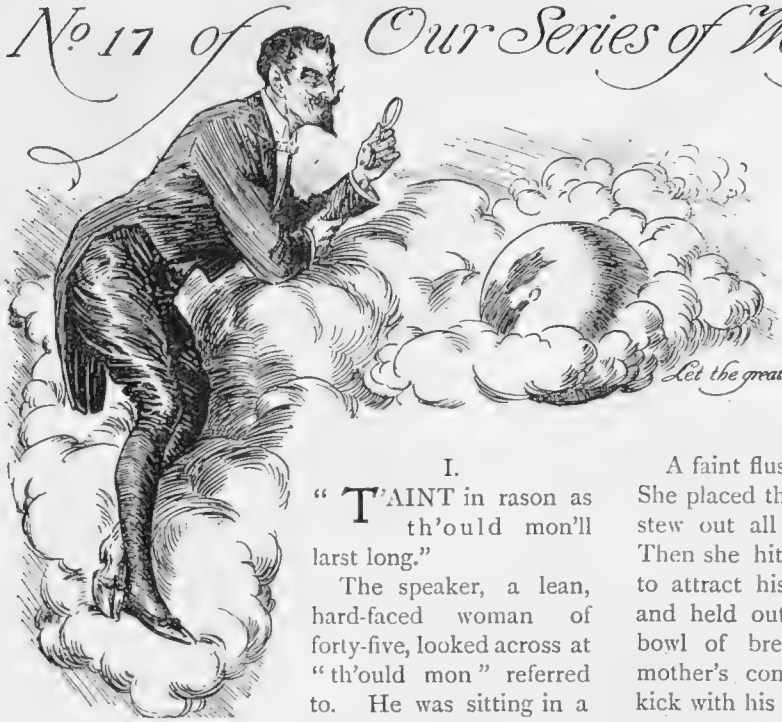
Old Derby Bisque Figures. Modelled by Jean Jacque Spengler



Part of old Worcester tea-set

Of the well-known quail or partridge pattern. The design painted in enamel colours, red, green, turquoise, and gold

No. 17 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



"THE GRIP OF THE LAND"

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield.

I.

"'T'AINT in rason as th'ould mon'll last long."

The speaker, a lean, hard-faced woman of forty-five, looked across at "th'ould mon" referred to. He was sitting in a wooden armchair on the other side of the fireplace, holding out his withered hands in search of warmth. He was half-blind, stone deaf, and so bent and crippled with rheumatism that he seemed like the grotesque carving of a Chinese artist. The fine old face, graven deeply with the dignity of toil, was vacant and expressionless Bert Rivers had outlived the period when the features are an index to the thoughts. He had earned his seat by the fireside, and he had both a son and a grandson to work for him.

"'T'ain't in rason as th'ould mon'll larst long," repeated Mrs. Will Rivers with brutal insistence. She was not an unkindly woman, and she worked hard to lighten the declining years of her father-in-law's life. But she spoke with the grim frankness of her kind.

"Doan't 'ee tark like that," replied her son in a surly voice. "I b'ain't waitin' for th'ould mon t'die. I can't abear for 'ee to tark like that."

The woman sniffed, and, rising to her feet, took the kettle off the fire and poured the boiling water into an earthenware teapot. "Art" yawned and stretched his big limbs. He was what his neighbours called "a likely young fellow," broad-shouldered, sturdy, and good-looking, in spite of the stolid coarseness of his features.

"I'm goin' furrin'," he said, after a silence which had only been broken by the clatter of plates and teacups. The woman did not answer him, but busied herself breaking up some bread into a bowl of milk and water.

"I'm goin' furrin'," the youth repeated, aggressively, and he thrust his hands into his pockets to emphasise the solidity of his purpose.

A faint flush came into the woman's sallow cheek. She placed the teapot carefully on the hob, so as to stew out all the poisonous strength of the leaves. Then she hit the old man sharply on the shoulder to attract his attention. He recognised the signal, and held out his hands towards her, to receive the bowl of bread and milk. Art, irritated by his mother's contemptuous silence, gave the fender a kick with his heavy hobnailed boot.

"What be doin' of?" exclaimed the woman, angrily. "Feyther'll hev to tark to you, Art, when he's whum."

"I ain't a goin' to stan' it," he replied, "and Rose ain't a goin' to stan' it neyther. We've got to git married, and where be we goin' to live—in a barn, mebbe, or p'raps th' ould pig can mek room for we."

"You ain't got to git married," the woman retorted, fiercely. "Rose be a good girl; I knows right well she be a good girl."

"She ain't no better'n other folk," the lad replied gloomily. The woman looked sharply at him, but he was glaring at the teapot. He had been born four months after the marriage of his parents, and the village had not failed to apprise him of the fact. Such an occurrence was rather the rule than the exception in Whitelydiate. There was no shame attached to it.

"We must hev a whum," he continued. "I be 'arnin' good money, I be, but I carn't buy a whum, and I carn't build one neyther, and we carn't live here, that's for sartin'."

"Thar's ould widder Grigg," said the mother, hopefully, "she carn't larst long."

"I ain't waitin' fur folk to die; ould widder Grigg 'll live six month, I reckon, and that'll be too long for we."

The woman stabbed the loaf with a knife, and commenced to cut thick slices of bread. Then she opened the oven, where some slices of bacon sent out a rich greasy smell into the cosy little room. Then she banged the oven door, and, taking off the lid of the teapot, inhaled a breath of tannin.

How small are the tragedies of simple lives. The

IN the story we publish this week, Mr. Harris-Burland has attempted to show one aspect of that gravest of all questions requiring a solution—the Land Question. While the population and wealth of the cities has increased to abnormal proportions, the land—and remember a very fertile land—is being deserted and denuded. Does the land, to be successfully exploited, require re-capitalising? Are families who have owned the land for generations, and derive their sustenance from renting it to others, merely parasites who should be bought out to enable the land to be held under freer and happier conditions? "Yes," answers Mr. Burland, and the powerful way in which he advocates his case is not to be denied.—[Editor.]

Next week will be published "The Propriety of Pauline," by LEONARD MERRICK

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conversation between the mother and son might have indicated the waiting for an inheritance, the possibility of marriage when the old man should die and leave his descendants a little sum of money. But it was nothing of the sort. Only one thing prevented Art Rivers from marrying the girl of his choice. There was not a room, much less a house, to be obtained in the village. The death of his grandfather would place a room at his disposal.

The cottage of the Rivers' family was bright, well kept, and comfortable. It was the home of two men who earned fourteen shillings a week apiece, and bore no signs of poverty. But it was small, and contained as many people as it could decently hold. The sitting-room was well furnished. The one bedroom upstairs had been divided into two by the aid of a wooden partition. In one of these compartments slept Will Rivers and his wife; in the other, the son and the old man. No possible arrangement could make room for another woman.

The village of Whitelydiate was not exceptional in this lack of accommodation. For miles round, in the country that lay at the foot of the Stonewold Hills, there was not a cottage to be let or even a room to be rented. The occupants clung to their homes like snails to their shells, knowing well that if they left them, they might be homeless. They paid their rent weekly, but were tenants for life. Only death created a vacancy, and then the tenancy was continued by the brother, or the son-in-law, or the son. If a son married in his father's lifetime, room was generally found for him. But where three generations were living in the same house, it was often impossible for the son to marry. He was forced to wait for someone's death for the remote chance of securing another cottage, or else he had to leave the district and tempt fortune in the towns.

To a man bred and born in cities, it seems a very simple matter to move from one place to another, and even a voyage to Canada or New Zealand does not present insuperable difficulties. But the agricultural labourer views a move in a different light. He is rooted in the soil, and it grips him fast. An excursion to another part of the world means an upheaval of so gigantic and terrific a nature that his brain scarcely dares to contemplate the results. It is a step only to be taken in the last extremity, and the fact that young Art Rivers had announced his intention of "goin' furrin'," showed that he was pressed hard by circumstance.

For a few minutes neither mother nor son spoke. The woman seemed to be entirely absorbed in her domestic duties, and the young man scowled at the cheerful blaze of the fire. Old Bert Rivers came to the end of his bread and milk, and began to jingle the spoon in the empty bowl. His daughter-in-law took it from his shaking hands, and carefully wiped a stream of milk from his beard.

"The Lard be very good to we," he suddenly ejaculated, in a thin, cracked voice.

"Yes, feyther," said the woman, looking at the clock and wondering why her husband was not back from his work.

"Ould Sam Bevan, he be in workus," continued the old man, with a sly chuckle. "I tould him so forty year ago. I tould him to git married."

"It do plaze him to tark of Sam," said the woman, sympathetically. "They wur friends, boy and man, sixty year mebbe."

"No baccy fur ould Sam," mumbled the patriarch, joyfully. His worn old brain had no pity for the fallen. He found comfort in the fact that he had a son and grandson to provide him with food and tobacco, whereas Sam Bevan, the friend of sixty years, had never married, and had no one to support him in his old age. In consequence of this supreme folly, the latter had been forced to take refuge in the home so thoughtfully provided by the nation for those who have toiled honourably all their lives.

"No baccy for ould Sam," the thin voice repeated. "I tould him to git married, I tould him forty year ago."

The young man rose to his feet. His face was scarlet, and his hands were clenched.

"I won' stan' it," he shouted, bringing down his fist on the table with such violence that a cup danced off on to the floor. "I won' stan' it. Shut th'ould fule's jaw, I tell 'ee. He mek my flesh creep wi' his blitherin'."

"Shame on 'ee, Art Rivers," retorted the mother, stooping to pick up the pieces of the cup from the floor. "I'll get feyther to tark to 'ee when he be whum."

"No baccy for ould Sam. He, he!" chuckled the grandfather, entirely unconscious of the storm of flushed faces and fierce eyes that raged around him.

Art Rivers seized his cap from the window seat, and jammed it fiercely on his head. Then the door opened and his father entered.

Will Rivers was a big man in the prime of life. His face was in a transition stage between the faces of his son and his father. It had lost the rough coarseness of youth, but had not attained the nobility of old age. It is a curious fact that a life of hard manual labour slowly purges the face of the labourer of the dull animalism that is the inheritance of his race.

"Where be goin', Art?" he asked, cheerfully.

"I be goin' down street."

"Have 'ee sooped?"

"Noa, I ain't," was the surly reply.

"Where be goin'?"

"I be goin' t' see Rose," the young man answered, and without offering any further explanation, he left the room and slammed the door behind him.

The husband looked at his wife, and then at the oven.

"The baacon do smell raal good," he said, cheerfully; "there'll be a bit more for we, now young Art's gone courtin'."

II.

"The land has no use for fellows like you, Verners. You are merely expensive ornaments."

Colonel Verners, the owner of every field, cottage, and tree in Whitelydiate, laughed good-humouredly, and sipped his coffee.

"You are relics," continued the little millionaire, "splendid relics, but you'll have to go, every one of you. The land can't afford to keep you—in your present place."

"We are going, my dear Barton. All the estates round here are in the hands of men who have made

Miss Marie Studholme

AT HOME IN HER PRETTY NEW RESIDENCE AT HAMPSTEAD

Miss Studholme in the drawing-room of her new house

Photos] **Miss Studholme's pretty new residence at Hampstead** *[Foulsham and Banfield*

From the time that she burst upon the town in *An Artist's Model*, Miss Marie Studholme has held a conspicuous place among the many beautiful women who have appeared under the management of Mr. George Edwardes. She is perhaps the most photographed actress in London, an infliction she owes to her particular style of beauty, which is so thoroughly English. At present Miss Studholme is touring the Provinces

their money in trade, or finance. And, to tell you the honest truth, their tenants don't like 'em."

Jack Barton looked at his cigar and then at the portraits of the Verners family which hung on the walls of the dining-room.

"It's hard luck," he said meditatively, "but you'll have to go—every one of you. It's the law of nature."

"Effete aristocracy, and all that sort of thing," the Colonel replied. "My dear chap, I can tell you we keep ourselves fit. I'm forty-eight, but I reckon you'd think twice before you had a row with me, tough little beggar though you are."

"Muscle don't count nowadays."

"Hang it all, Barton, I'm not a fool. I'll lay I've read more than you, and that I know more about most things except the making of money——"

"The only thing worth knowing. But you'll have to go, Verners, you'll have to go. Fellows like you are costing the land its very life blood."

"The balance is on the other side. The land's costing us a pretty penny."

"Do you know why? Because you're in the wrong place. You haven't the money to make your tenants comfortable, and they can't earn the money to pay you good interest on your capital. Now, look here, Verners, your daughter is going to marry my son. I've taken a fancy to this place. I'll buy it, and give it to the young people."

"I have a son of my own," the Colonel replied stiffly.

"Exactly. I haven't forgotten him. The estate brings you in £1,500 a year—uncertain. I'll pay cash that'll bring in £3,000 a year—certain. He won't grumble."

"You are very kind, but such a deal is impossible. This place has been in our hands for six centuries."

"Too long," replied Mr. Barton, "much too long. The family has rusted like an old nail. It can't keep the framework together. The wood is rotting, and the wood is of more importance than the nail."

"You don't understand, Barton; you can't understand. An estate like this, small and worthless though it is, grips a man fast. He is one with it, till he is forced out of his place. Thank God, I can still live quietly on the rents, and educate my son to take my place."

"H'm, and what of the tenants? You don't consider them, I suppose? You talk of the land gripping you fast. You're not the only one, Verners. I've been poking about the village to-day while you've been hunting. I've learnt a thing or two."

"You City chaps have a good deal to learn about the country," Colonel Verners replied drily.

"You want more cottages here. You'll lose all your best young men. The country is being depopulated."

"Can't build more cottages, my dear fellow; can't afford to get less than 2 per cent. on my money."

"That's why you'll have to go. Owners must be found who can do it, who can afford to run the whole agricultural business at a loss, if necessary, till it's set on its legs again. Do you know young Art Rivers?"

"Of course I know him."

"He's going to be married, and can't get a house to live in."

"I know. He asked me to advance him the money to go to Canada. I refused."

"You were right. The land can't afford to let young fellows like Art Rivers go to the Colonies."

"He asked me to build him a cottage. I told him it was impossible. I suggested that his wife and mother should sleep in one room, and that the three men should sleep in the other."

"It doesn't sound an attractive arrangement for a newly married couple."

"His parents don't wish him to go. I don't blame them. He is looked on as the support of their old age. Besides, the old grandfather can't live long; when he dies, they'll be snug enough. I tried to persuade him to put off his marriage."

"He can't. You know that, Verners."

"I'm afraid I do. Rustic life isn't such a pretty picture as you thought, eh, Barton? It isn't all roses and peace, and honest toil in the pure air."

"It is a very ugly picture, and will grow uglier still. You and your class'll have to go, Verners. Art Rivers is more valuable to the land than you."

Colonel Verners rose to his feet. "If you've finished your cigar, Barton," he said, stiffly, "we'll go into the drawing-room for a bit."

. . . . . .

Colonel Verners went to bed early that night. He was tired after a day's hunting, but he could not sleep. Jack Barton's words had left an unpleasant impression on his mind. He was conscious of a sense of duty towards his tenants, and had always tried to do his best for them. He knew that the millionaire had spoken the truth, and that it would be better for all the village if he sold the estate to a rich man. Only the pride of race prevented him from accepting an offer which would double his income. He was in the grip of the land, and it held him fast.

Shortly after midnight he heard someone moving in one of the rooms below. He took a revolver from a drawer, slipped three cartridges into it, put on his dressing-gown and went quietly downstairs. He found Art Rivers in the library, trying to open a small cabinet with a heavy clasp-knife.

"Hello, Art," he said, genially. "What's all this?—no, don't touch the candle or I'll shoot you."

The young man did not answer. He looked at the candle, then at the door, then at the weapon in the Colonel's hand. He decided to stay where he was.

"How did you know there was money in there?" asked the Colonel.

"Mother knowed, zur," the youth replied sullenly.

"Ah, yes, she was once a servant here. I see. So your mother sent you?"

"Noa, she don't know nothing 'bout it, zur."

"Sit down in that chair. I won't keep you long."

The young man sat down as gingerly as though the soft cushions were made of red-hot brick. His sluggish mind scarcely realised the situation, but he understood the revolver, and kept his eye on it.

"You should leave this sort of game to a professional burglar," said the Colonel, quietly. "He wouldn't wear hobnailed boots. Well, what are you after?"

"I'm arter money, zur—my money."

(*Continued on page 32*)

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

A new portrait of Miss Ellaline Terriss

Who has scored another great success with her singing and acting in *The Beauty of Bath* at the Aldwych Theatre

(Continued from page 30)

"Your money?" queried the Colonel.

"The money we've arned, we, as gets it 'out o' the land."

"I don't understand you."

"A gentleman telled me this arternoon as the folk as warked the land arned arl as could be gotten out of it."

"Oh, I see," said the Colonel, with a laugh. "My friend, Mr. Barton, called on you to-day. Well, Art, I'm afraid you'll find he's mistaken. You came here, then, as a matter of abstract principle; to stick out for your rights, eh?"

The young man looked at him with as much intelligence in his face as is to be found in the face of a cow looking over a gate.

"You didn't really want the money," the Colonel explained. "You merely wished to show that you had a right to it."

"I do want the money badly, zur."

"Oh! for anything particular?"

"I've got to marry Rose, zur. I wants to go furrin'. But we ain't got the money for it, zur."

"And you don't know, I suppose, that there are people and societies who will take you out there for nothing."

"I ain't never heard of 'em, zur."

"That's a pity. Do you know what you'll get for this?"

"Noa, zur. Be it worse'n poachin'?"

"A good deal worse, Art. You'll get two years hard labour, perhaps."

An expression of animal fury came into the young man's face, and the Colonel slightly raised the barrel of the revolver.

"You've made a mess of your life, Art," he continued. "And you can thank Mr. Barton for it."

"Oh, zur, do be merciful to we," pleaded the young man. "There be Rose."

"H'm, yes, there's Rose, of course. You were asked last Sunday?"

"It do be hard on Rose, zur, mortal hard."

"I'm thinking about you, not about Rose. And I'm thinking about Mr. Barton and myself too, Art. Don't spoil it all with your whining sentiment."

The young man gazed at him with a look of bewilderment on his dull face. The Colonel appeared to be lost in thought, but it was impossible to gather what was passing in his mind.

After a long silence he rose to his feet and thrust the revolver into the pocket of his dressing-gown.

"You can go, Art," he said, gravely, "and nothing more will be said of this little affair, if you will promise me not to leave the village without my consent."

"I do promise 'ee, zur; I do swear to 'ee."

"Very well. Now go as quietly as you can. But there must be no more talk of Canada. You understand? We are part of the soil—you and I—and we can't leave it."

"I do thank 'ee most humbly, zur," said Art Rivers, as he slouched slowly across the room.

Colonel Verners let him out of the hall-door, and then went up to bed.

The young man slunk home to the cottage. He was half dazed with his good fortune. When he reached the door, he took off his boots and crept quietly up to bed.

The old grandfather was muttering and whimpering in his sleep. Art Rivers heard a few of the words, but he did not understand them.

"It do hold 'ee fast, boy and man. Wark or grave, it do hold 'ee cruel hard."

III.

"Well, Barton," said Colonel Verners, "aren't you just a little bit ashamed of yourself?"

The two men were paying an after-breakfast visit to the stables, and the Colonel had taken the opportunity to relate his adventure of the night before. It was not a story that he wished his womenfolk to hear

Henry Barton struck a match and carefully lit his pipe. He had listened to the narrative without a word of comment.

"You have to be careful what you say to these yokels," continued the speaker, "they take you literally. They'll swallow anything you like to give them. You might have ruined that young fellow's life, Barton."

"I am not sure,' replied the millionaire, slowly, "that a term of imprisonment would not have made a man of Art Rivers."

"My dear Barton, are you mad?"

"Penal servitude would have wrenched that young chap out of his groove, and set his brain working. Even misery is more of a tonic than the life he leads, which, after all, is little better than that of a cow or a horse."

"Rubbish," exclaimed Colonel Verners, angrily. "I hope you'll keep your extraordinary ideas to yourself, Barton. The next man that tries to rob me, will not get off so lightly."

"You are a good chap, Verners, and nearly all your class are good chaps, honourable, upright gentlemen, and that is what makes it so hard to deal with you. Now tell me honestly why you didn't give young Rivers into custody last night; why you, a justice of the peace, practically compounded a felony?"

"The reason is obvious," answered the Colonel. "I did not wish to ruin his life. Then I thought of what might happen to the girl. And lastly, I realised that you, Barton, were the man that ought to be punished, and not the poor idiot whom you stuffed up with all your wild ideas."

"Is that all, Verners? Think again. Was there no other reason for your leniency?"

The Colonel stooped, and knocked out the ashes of his pipe on the sole of his boot—an operation that concealed his face from his companion's eyes.

"I must see Williams," he said, as a groom came out of the harness-room. "Will you excuse me?"

He had a few moments' conversation with the groom, and then returned.

"Hunting to-day?" asked Barton.

"No; I can only afford to hunt three days a week."

"H'm; shall we take a turn round the garden, Verners?"

"Certainly; but there's not much to see in it"

"You ought to keep a lot of glass," said the millionaire, as they walked past endless beds of brown earth, unrelieved by anything more beautiful than a winter cabbage. "Glass does so much to

(Continued on page 34)

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Mary Stuart

Daughter of Mr. Leslie Stuart, the composer. Miss Stuart is very keen upon entering the profession, and probably will shortly be seen in London, not in musical comedy, but upon the legitimate stage

(*Continued from page 32*)

brighten our English winter in this country—but you've not given me an answer to my question yet, Verners."

"Question?"

"Yes, about your motive last night. I want you to be frank with me."

"I told you why I let Art Rivers go."

"Yes, yes, my dear fellow. But let's have the principal reason!"

"Really, Barton," stammered the Colonel, "I don't—I—I——"

"Let me say it for you. Last night, when you found that poor devil in the library, your conscience accused you. You said to yourself, 'Perhaps it is my fault, and not so much the fault of my friend Barton.' Am I not right?"

"You are partly right," the Colonel admitted, guardedly.

Mr. Barton suddenly stopped and thrust his thumbs in his waistcoat pocket. It was an attitude of his that had been caricatured in *Vanity Fair*.

"Now look here, Verners," he said abruptly. "You might hunt more than three days a week, if you had £3,000 a year."

"That subject is closed," the Colonel said stiffly. "I think, Barton, you have the good sense to understand that."

"No, it is not closed. You refused my offer last night, and I appreciate your objections. I will put the offer to you in a different form. I will purchase the land off you, and leave you the house and grounds. I shall build a new house for myself—one with windows I can see out of. You will still be Verners of Whitelydiate. You will still have your pictures, your associations, the place where your ancestors have lived for centuries. You will have, in short, all the tomfoolery you set such store by. You will have, in addition, an income that will enable you to hunt five days a week, and do a lot of things you can't do at present."

"A Verners with his wings clipped, eh?"

"Nonsense! A Verners with a millstone removed from his neck. What's the land to you? It's the house that means everything—the old grey stones, the panelling, the armorial bearings on the mantelpiece, and all that sort of stuff. The land's nothing. You can't get sentimental over a field of turnips or beans. It's the house, Verners; and it wants repairing badly, and a hot-water tap in the bathroom."

"And what would you do with the land, Barton?"

"Make it pay—make it pay interest on even the big price I offer for it. Spend a lot of money, and get it all back. I'm not a philanthropist; I'm a tradesman. Trade is vulgar, I know, but its methods have got to be applied to agriculture. In the long run, trade is going to save the farmer and the labourer from ruin. It's going to put money and brains into the business. And no business was ever yet run as a success without money and brains. You've got a big farm unlet, and there's not been a tenant for three years. If I had it, I should cut it up and let it to the villagers."

"We've heard all that sort of thing before," said the Colonel, drily.

"Yes, and you'll hear of it again, and one of these days you'll hear of nothing else. The time is coming when the labourer is going to think and work for himself; when he is going to become a man of business—with ambitions."

"Not in our generation, Barton. But we are in dreamland. Hugo is coming down to-night. I will talk things over with him."

. . . . .

A year later Mr. Art Rivers was the proud possessor of a cottage, four acres of land, and a bouncing boy, who, save that he was a little older than he ought to be, was all that could possibly be desired.

Colonel Verners hunted five days a week, and there was a hot-water tap in the bathroom at Whitelydiate Court.

And Henry Barton's house was half finished—the house with "windows that a man could see out of."

J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

Kent House, Quebec: The Canadian home of King Edward's grandfather

There are few more picturesque spots in the whole of Canada than Kent House and grounds, which was the home of King Edward's grandfather, the Duke of Kent, during the period of His Royal Highness's military command in Quebec. The low spreading building stands in a finely wooded demesne at the head of the beautiful Montmorency Falls, which are about eight miles from the city of Quebec. During Prince Arthur's forthcoming trip through Canada, on his way home to England, an excursion is to be planned for His Royal Highness to this one-time Canadian home of his great-grandfather

Princess Ena to Visit Seville Fair?

Main Drive during Holy Week at Seville Fair

Rumour hath it that Princess Ena and the King of Spain are to meet during Holy Week at Seville Fair. This is the greatest fashionable festival in Spain, and the above shows what the main drive of the city looks like in the afternoons. A Seville family will save for months in order to have a fine turn-out on this occasion, and many of the carriages are as irreproachable as any in Hyde Park during the season

Photos] **The "Casetas," or modest summer-houses, where Grandees reside during the Fair** [*Falconer Jameson*

These *casetas*, or open wooden summer-houses, are erected in long rows, and the Spanish girl of good family, who lives a most chaperoned and secluded life during the rest of the year, now dances Sevillañas in the sight of a moving crowd of one hundred thousand persons—including possible suitors. Fair week is fair sport for match-makers

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Features of the Past Season

After the end of the present week not many packs will carry on fox-hunting, consideration for the farmers and the exceptionally open character of the past winter tending to bring things to rather an earlier close than usual. Looking back upon the season, one cannot describe it as a very brilliant one for scent, but hounds were able to show average sport all through, and having regard to the fact that they were stopped on very few days by frost or fog, we must, I think, write it down as a successful season. There never was a period of hunting yet in which complaints of sport were not heard in some quarters, but there has been a great deal less grumbling than usual during the moribund fox-hunting months. Mange has given trouble only in a few isolated countries, and it is pleasant to know that relations between farmers and fox-hunters have never been more friendly—in modern times, at all events—than at the present moment. Unhappily, we have had to mourn the loss of many well-known hunting people during the season, among them Captain Hugh Browning, Sir James Miller, Colonel Baillie, Major T. H. Preston, Mr. John Arkwright, Mr. John Hill, Captain J. R. Lane-Fox, Mr. John Gubbins, and Mr. Hopton Addams Williams. The last-named passed away quite suddenly little more than a week ago, to the deep regret of followers of the Llangibby Hounds and his innumerable friends in South Wales. For some years Mr. Williams was associated in the Mastership of the Llangibby with that grand veteran the late Mr. John Lawrence. His services to the Hunt had been very great, and, as recently as December last, the members of the Hunt arranged to present him with his portrait in acknowledgment of his valuable work.

The New Quorn Kennels

As soon as possible after the end of the season, the Quorn Hounds will be removed from their old kennels at Quorn to the splendid premises which have been prepared for them, at a cost of £12,000, not far from Barrow-on-Soar. All the improvements which past experience and forethought can suggest have been introduced in the building of the new kennels, and that the Quorn Hounds will derive great benefit from the change can scarcely be doubted. The change was imperative, not only for the reason that the site of the old kennels is required for another purpose, but because the accommodation at Quorn was no longer adequate to the requirements of the crack pack.

Lunch at the Kennels

The neighbourhood has outgrown the kennels, and hounds have suffered in bone and other respects accordingly. Captain Frank Forester will now have a fair chance in his work of improving the pack. It has been suggested, by the way, that in celebration of the opening of the new kennels, the members of the Committee should give a luncheon, inviting those whose subscriptions have assisted to bring the premises into existence. The idea of taking lunch in the kennels is rather a happy one, and there seems to be a likelihood of a date being arranged for the event during the approaching summer.

A. W. C.

Meet of the Whaddon Chase Hounds at Mentmore

In the old days, when the Rothschilds resided at Mentmore, it was famous as the rearing-ground of thoroughbred horses, and Lord Rosebery, who became possessed of the property on his marriage with the only child of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, has enlarged and improved the stud farm, where he has bred the three Derby winners, Ladas, Sir Visto, and Cicero. Lord Rosebery does not ride to hounds, but his sons, Lord Dalmeny and the Hon. Neil Primrose, are very keen Nimrods, and both were present when the Whaddon Chase met at Mentmore last month

THE QUORN FOXHOUND KENNELS

(1) Future Fox-killers: A group of Quorn puppies (2) Vagabond, a fine specimen of the Quorn Hound.

(3) The main entrance of the new kennels, recently built at a cost of £12,000

(4) Messenger, another typical member of the pack (5) Hounds at the old kennels, which will be vacated at the end of the season

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"On the Queen's Errands." By Captain Philip Wynter. (Pitman: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Eternal Witness." (By the Rev. W. P. Hanks, M.A. (Pitman: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Parson's Outlook." By W. G. Edward Rees. (Longmans: 5*s.* net.)

Fiction

"Karl Grier." By Louis Tracy. (Hodder: 6*s.*)
"Giant Circumstance." By John Oxenham. (Hodder 6*s.*)
"Loaves and Fishes." By Bernard Capes. (Methuen 6*s.*)

On Royal Errands

Some very interesting sidelights are thrown on the life of a King's Foreign Service Messenger by Captain Philip Wynter, in *On the Queen's Errands* (Pitman: 10*s.* 6*d.*). The fact that this official is a Messenger, that his duties are simply to deliver and hold his peace, and that he has an official uniform, leads many people to suppose that he belongs to the class of superior servant. How little this is the case is shown throughout Captain Wynter's interesting book. The first qualification of a "King's Messenger" is that he is a gentleman by rank and training.

A King's Messenger is not only the intimate and confidential friend of the members of H.M.'s Diplomatic Service abroad, but is a cosmopolitan in the truest sense of the word, being an acceptable member of Society in the various cities to which his steps are again and again directed.

Most of Captain Wynter's colleagues were, like himself, commissioned officers, and they were ranked with the junior secretaries and attachés of the different Embassies and Legations. By nearly every British statesman abroad, to whom "messages" have been taken, the Messenger has been treated on a basis of equality, save, apparently, by the late Lord Salisbury, who conducted his relations with the Messenger through his butler! The fact, however, that, in general, he was treated as a member of the Corps Diplomatique, and not as a messenger in the usual sense, enables Captain Wynter to give some interesting peeps at well-known personalities. Having, further, been engaged on service during the Austro-Prussian, Franco-German, Russo-Turkish, and the last Boer War, needless to say there is much material for incident of an unusually piquant character. The author's experiences, too, with the various curious and prying people who pestered him in different places are often quite comical, and his sketches of life in Vienna, Constantinople, Berlin, Rome, and other Capitals, are valuable, and full of genuine observation. Altogether, a book which no cosmopolitan should miss, for if there is anyone calculated to take that title to himself, it is he whose duty it is to call upon Kings, to deliver despatches, to carry treaties from Power to Power, and to be swift, sure, and silent—in all languages.

Captain Philip Wynter

A King's Messenger for thirty-five years, who has just published his interesting experiences "on the road" in *On the Queen's Errands* (Pitman: 10*s.* 6*d.*)

From Pulpit to Pen

I suppose there be some churlish authors and critics who begrudge the poor parson a share in the honours of literature, on the ground that he has his pulpit, and that the pen is not his rightful means of expression. Well, I do not take this severe view. Nowadays, according to general evidence, the churches are being more and more deserted because, some say, of bad sermons! To whom more credit, therefore, than to the parson who disproves the allegation that sermons have deteriorated by giving to the world a volume of —his own? A kindly cleric is this, too; for does he not thereby provide his sly brother, in some remote parish, with a series of ready-made and excellent orations, much better than the local product? As an example, I have received from Messrs. Pitman *The Eternal Witness*, by the Rev. W. P. Hanks, M.A., of Christ Church, Bath, a volume of sermons so admirable that I imagine it will be eagerly seized on by some of those clerics who, finding their own light shining somewhat faintly among men, feel the need of a little borrowed flame.

"The Parson's Outlook"

Another parson-author who has ventured into print—somewhat more strenuously, however, than by publishing sermons—is the Rev. W. G. Edward Rees in *The Parson's Outlook*. In simple, terse phraseology, aided by occasional humour and much personal experience, he sets forth, in a series of chapters, those problems which face the clergyman in these days when all the world is his critic. After reading it, I am convinced that the lot of the modern clergyman is one compared with which that of Gilbert's policeman was quite a happy one. The book is one to be recommended for light Sunday afternoon reading in circles both clerical and lay.

Mr. Oxenham's Latest

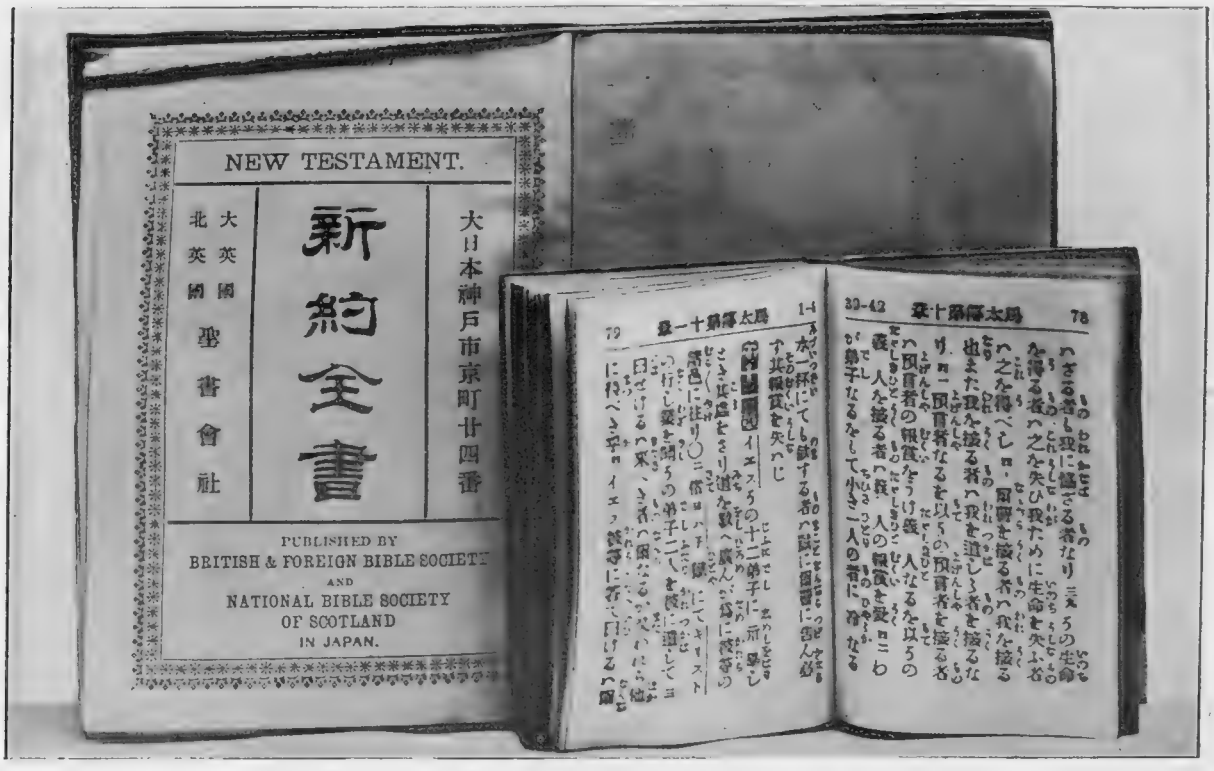
A well-knit, breezy story, with plenty of action, introducing a group of nice, healthy men and women, mostly of the titled variety, is what one expects from John Oxenham, and, as a specimen, *Giant Circumstance*

(Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*) is good. Like many other romances by the same author, the theme is slightly melodramatic, but cast in comedy mould. The plot of the opening chapters, in which the hero, Geoffrey Challis, is wrongly accused of a breach of military duty while fighting in the Soudan, but who is completely rehabilitated, is somewhat Adelphic, perhaps. But Mr. Oxenham gets his hero out of this quite early in the book. He also rids him, equally early, of another entanglement—his engagement to a girl, Una Devon, who is not honestly in love with him. It is, perhaps, a little unusual for the chief plot and "love interest" of a story to be dispensed with before the first half has been accomplished, but so slight an irregularity as this is readily forgiven an author of Mr. Oxenham's force and vividness. The book is one which holds the reader's attention throughout.

The Misdeeds of Miriam

A lady money-lender! Beautiful, fascinating, witty! Wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice! But—oh, what a wicked, wicked woman is *Miriam Lemaire, Money-Lender* (Cassell: 3*s.* 6*d.*), the product of the joint ingenuity of that enterprising firm of novelists, Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken. Miriam's motives are a little subtle. Why, in the course of her perfectly legitimate business of lending money at moderate rates of interest to people in "high society," ranging from Kings and Cabinet Ministers down to mere ungilded youths, she should find it necessary to manœuvre murders and compel suicides by the score, is not quite obvious. Yet she does. Revolver shots crackle right and left throughout the book, though why, it is never quite clear. More than that, the motives of the various people in killing each other or themselves, and Miriam's motives in inspiring them to their deadly deeds, are completely "wropt in mystery." Then there is the supposed narrator of Miriam's misdeeds, a Mr. North, quite an honest, gentlemanly fellow, who neither loves her nor owes her money—why does he not, on learning time after time that she is a villain, tell the police? Because he thought of putting her into a book! He had much better have put her into the dock.

VIVIAN CARTER.



Testaments for Togo's Troops: A Japanese "Single Gospel"

The Christian element among our Japanese visitors is being catered for by the British and Foreign Bible Society, who are presenting them with copies of the Gospel in their own language, of which 200,000 were used in the late war

The Plight of the Modern Poet

There is always something a little pathetic, nowadays, about a volume of serious poems, such as *Hathor*, by Hume Nisbet (Greening), a collection of verse, dramatic and lyrical. Mr. Nisbet, like oh! so many others, writes good, expressive verse, but with how little sympathy is the average poet of to-day received by the world. One cannot, it seems, consider such a dramatic poem as *Hathor*, Mr. Nisbet's story of the love of Pharoah's daughter for a slave, as a serious literary effort, simply because the prerogative of writing dramatic verse is only conceded to the deceased. In such poetry, according to public dictates, he must be dead who speaketh! And yet one ought really to be thankful for such poems as these of Mr. Nisbet. That they rank with dramatic works of the "Manfred" or "Prometheus Unbound" *genus* is not to be said; but why the comparison? Is there not an enjoyment to be gained from mediocre verse, as there is from mediocre prose, mediocre art, and mediocre music? Why should the modern poet, alone of all artists, be expected either to outclass the classics, or for ever hold his peace? Is there no room in poetry for the cosy, comfortable, carpet-slipper type of talent that is not only tolerated, but positively belauded in all other branches of literature?

Golf Notes and Notions

A Slip of Memory

Memory sometimes plays unfortunate mortals strange tricks. I have lately been the victim of one of these impish freaks. In my article of March 14, I arrogated to myself an honour that belongs to another person. I stated that I had presented a prize for competition by foursomes to the Jersey Golf Club. An old captain of the club has courteously drawn my attention to the fact that the Cup I presented was for competition by singles, and was intended to encourage match play, as opposed to medal scoring. The actual trophy for the foursome competition is a Silver Iron, and was presented to the club by Mr. A. H. Lushington. I therefore offer a sincere apology for my erroneous statement, both to Mr. Lushington and to the Royal Jersey Golf Club, and my best thanks to my correspondent who has so kindly put the matter straight. My only consolation must lie in the fact that it was my other pet hobby, match play, that I endeavoured to encourage. In Gilbertian phrase, "I mixed those babies up." There was, as I well remember, now that my memory has been refreshed, no need to stimulate foursome play in Jersey, as the members had had the excellent tradition of foursome matches in the afternoon handed down to them by the founders of the club, and this tradition they zealously kept alive. I only trust that they still adhere to that wise policy, and foster the love of the foursome in the minds of the rising generation of Jersey golfers. Jersey is a most charming place to visit for golf purposes at this time of year. In my day, there was only one course, situated at Grouville, about twenty minutes by rail from St. Heliers. I believe there is another course now at St. Owens, on the other side of St. Heliers.

Eminent Lawyer to Suspect on Bail: "Before I undertake the defence, I must know—er—whether you really robbed the bank or not?"

Suspect on Bail: "What d'you think? How could I afford to come to you if I hadn't?"

Ten Years Ago at Jersey

The links at Grouville were excellent when I was in Jersey some ten years back, and the fact that that course nurtured such giants as Harry and Tom Vardon, Renouf, Rav, and Gaudin, affords conclusive testimony to its qualities. It is a curious combination of an inland and a seaside links, being situated on a common which stretches along parallel to the seashore. There are no made hazards, so far as my treacherous memory serves me, but there are some very tricky holes, where various dangers, in the shape of old towers, heaps of stacked seaweed, and sandy bunkers, guard the approach to the green. If the club had the right to deal with their course as they wished, it could be made a good deal better than it is, good as it is. But the sacred rights of commoners have to be respected, and, as all golfers know whose course is situated on a common, commoners are kittle folk to deal with. With all these drawbacks, however, the golf on Grouville Common is most enjoyable; the scenery is delightful, and the air mild, yet invigorating. Golfers in search of fresh woods and pastures new should take boat at Southampton for Jersey, and explore the island in a golfing spirit. They will always find a hearty welcome from the Jersey Club, who are most hospitable and easy in their terms to the golfing traveller, and I am sure they will not regret following my advice to them to venture so far afield. There are most comfortable hostels at St. Heliers, such as Bree's and the Grand, the former being the nearer of the two to the station for those intending to play at Grouville.

Play in the Channel Islands

The player will find excellent caddies, embryo Vardons and Rays, whom he will perceive busily playing in the intervals between the two rounds with strange clubs fashioned by themselves out of odd sticks and broken clubheads. My caddie was a queer little fellow, who answered to the poetical name of Bienaimé, an excellent appellation for a faithful little follower. He spoke in a sort of sing-song fashion, with a slight French accent. When one consulted him as to the particular club, whether brassie or driving iron, most likely to carry the distance, he would reply, like a curate intoning the service, in a quaint staccato fashion, "I—think—the—brassie—will—take—you—up" Perhaps, by this time, he is a flourishing professional somewhere, intoning his golf lessons to ardent beginners For from such beginnings do the heroes of the golfing world arise. The Royal Jersey Golf Club deserves especial mention for the wise care it has always shown in fostering and stimulating the love of golf among the small fry who ply for hire as caddies. There are frequent competitions for these humble sons of toil, and the caddie of to-day, staggering under the weight of your clubs, is the professional hero of to-morrow.

Ernest Lehmann.

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

Lawn Tennis at Cannes

Londoners who sighed to be on the Riviera during the cheerless days of the past fortnight would not have fared much better in that region, for the weather at Cannes was almost equally vile, and people were going about muffled up in fur coats and other mid-winter garments. The lawn-tennis tournament on the famous Beau Site courts naturally suffered in consequence of these inclement conditions. On two whole days there was no play whatever, rain flooding the courts and driving the players to the bridge tables and other indoor diversions, one of the most successful of which was the fancy dress ball at the Beau Site Hotel, where the fun was kept up late.

Doherty Beaten in Both Doubles

Undoubtedly, the feature of the tournament was the defeat of H. L. Doherty and his partner in both the open events in which he competed (he did not play in the Singles). Perhaps the champion rated his successful opponents at something a trifle below their real form, and, in consequence, did not exert his full powers until it was too late. At any rate, in the Championship Doubles, he and Eaves did not even reach the final, being put out early by Wilding and Ritchie. Eaves was, no doubt, a bit uncertain

A. F. Wilding, winner of the Championship Singles at Cannes
He defeated Eaves in the Final, and earlier, Ritchie

Lawn Tennis Tournament at Cannes
The defeat of H. L. Doherty and Countess Schulenburg by Dr. Eaves and Mrs. Winch. After the match

on the volley, but it was really Doherty's bad play that lost the match, and Wilding's supreme generalship and dauntless hitting that won it. Another, and perhaps more serious, because less expected, rebuff was still to come. Doherty and Countess Schulenburg were regarded as certain victors in the Mixed Doubles Championship; they had triumphed the previous week at Nice, and were never more at home on the Riviera than on the Beau Site courts. But, after beating Wilding and Miss Eastlake Smith in the semi-final, without the loss of a set, they went down in the final before Eaves and Mrs. Winch. Well as Mrs. Winch played, it was her partner who was mainly responsible for this remarkable achievement, his tactics about volleying calling for endless applause. The victory was all the more creditable because Doherty and his partner won the first set at six-one, and were leading three-love in the third. Eaves may have worked harder in the course of his life, but he has certainly never got about the court with greater rapidity. He was nearly as done at the finish as he was after playing Parker at Folkestone last year. With Doherty a non-starter in the Open Singles, Eaves and Wilding succeeded in their respective halves of the draw, the latter defeating Ritchie, who in his turn had disposed of Gore.

Photo] **Everton beats Liverpool by 2—0: The work of the goalkeeper** *[Illustrations Bureau*
Scott (Everton) saves with a punch

Boat-Race Tips

There are several ways of trying to find the winner of the Boat Race. First, consult the daily Press, and the analyses of comparative form published therein. That way lies madness. Secondly, ask anyone, amateur or professional, in the crowd that daily assembles at Putney. He either doesn't know, or will tell you wrong. Thirdly, ask a man who has rowed in scratch crews against both boats. He is not infallible, but his tip, if you can get it, is the best that can be got.

Pity the Poor Cox

The cox's Blue is more hardly earned than any. To steer a perfect course is far more difficult than it appears, yet if he does so he has only done his duty and receives no praise. But if he fails? There is a story of an accomplished cox whose boat, during practice, was caught by a gust and required a good deal of rudder to straighten her. The coach only remarked: "It is quite useless to try to propel the boat by sudden jerks of the rudder," while the crew said, "You little—(expletives to taste)—why the—(more expletives)—don't you learn how to steer?" And then, the cold! Who, but for the coveted Blue, would sit in March on a hard board, with numbed fingers, drenched with the spray from the windward oars, and his feet and ankles washed with the icy water in the bottom of the boat? The cox's one consolation is that he may smoke, but on the other hand, if his weight is much over eight stone he will be half starved.

The Steamers

It is reported that four L.C.C. steamers will accompany the race. If so, nervous spectators are recommended to stay at home or betake themselves to some solid edifice like Barnes Bridge. The wash of one of these boats is said to be able to sink a barge, and, to judge from police-court reports, steamers (like motor-cars) are never (according to those in charge of them) going more than four miles an hour when they do any damage. If one steamer at four miles an hour can sink one barge, how many assorted craft will be sunk by four steamers at twelve miles an hour? Arithmeticians, please answer.

The R.M.C. Sports

The best thing at the R.M.C. Sports at Sandhurst last week was the running of E. R. Nash, an Etonian, in the Mile and Two Miles. Not only did he run in good style, having a fine easy stride, but his judgment was excellent. In the Two Miles he ran last for half the journey, and in this way got shelter from the high wind when it was against him, and help from it when it was with him. At the beginning of the second mile, he went up to fourth place, where he stayed until the last lap, and then closed up with the leader, J. M. Hamilton, whom he caught half way round and beat by six yards. In the Mile he adopted similar tactics, catching J. W. Dyson, who had sprinted to the front at the bell, at the last bend, and coming in ahead by seven yards. His times were not particularly fast, but, considering the track (which, though good, is not a Stamford Bridge), and the fact that he is not much over seventeen years old, he should develop later on into a fine distance runner. R. H. Mylne's time —10 4-5 secs.—in his preliminary heat in the 100 (on grass) was very good. In the final he did 11 secs. without being pressed. G. L. Brown ran a good Half (2 mins. 9 4-5 secs.), and was expected to win the Quarter, but R. L. Norrington, running very gamely, beat him by two yards in 54 secs. The Jumps were poor, and J. V. C. Anderson, the favourite for the Hurdles, found himself on the floor soon after half-way, and let up A. G. L. Clarke. The sack, obstacle, and donkey races provided plenty of amusement. The successful moke was Mr. D. C. Richardson's Indigestion, by Little Mary, out of Order.

London Rugger Looking Up Again

Blackheath are still persevering with the seven forwards and eight backs formation, and on Saturday they made it pay against Northampton, who went off in great style, but

lost their opportunities through wild passing and the crab-like methods of progression. The Blackheath forwards were in great form, and often carried the scrums and came away. Their halves, too, were good, and Coopper was in his best form. His was the first try, and he brought off one of his famous jumps in gaining it, just twenty-five minutes after the start. In the second half a mistake by Leigh led up to a try by Marriott, which Robson converted, and Blackheath won by 8 points to nothing. The other provincial team in London on Saturday, Clifton, were easily beaten by the Old Leysians by 5 goals and 2 tries to a goal.

A Stiff Test for the Old Blues

The Old Merchant Taylors are to be commended for having opened their fixture card to clubs other than those who, like themselves, are in the first flight in Metropolitan Rugger. The difficulties which rising clubs experience in getting higher than a certain point, owing to the conservatism of the leading clubs in having practically the same fixtures year after year, is well known, and anything that tends to encourage the efforts of a team that is coming on is for the good of the game. On Saturday, the Old Merchant Taylors played the Old Blues, and it was unfortunate in the circumstances that the latter were not at full strength, for Smith, their best three-quarter, had been "crocked," and Cross, their regular back, was away ill. The Taylors, on the other hand, had practically a full team; their forwards were very smart, and Raphael was again very successful in his new rôle of wing three-quarter, while A. B. Barrett, the scrum-worker, besides gaining two tries and being always dangerous in attack, did an immense amount of spoiling work. The Old Blues did best in the second half, when their defence was really excellent; added to which, their forwards, among whom their captain, C. D. Bull, was always prominent, brought off some good rushes, while several attacks by the backs on the left side were only frustrated with difficulty. The best try of the match was the last but one, for the ball was sent by Barrett to Wyatt, then to Burningham, and then to Raphael, who cleverly passed back to Burningham, and so gave him an easy run in. The Old Blues, though easily beaten by 26 points to 3, were by no means outclassed. Some of the Taylors' older opponents, with the team playing as they did on Saturday, would not have fared much, if at all, better.

The Dunn Cup Final

The Old Carthusians have done what was expected of them, and have again won the Dunn Cup. But the final at Queen's on Saturday, in which they beat the Old Reptonians by 2—0, was not a great match, in spite of the fact that both Schools had their chief celebrities playing. Both sides appeared to be somewhat oppressed by the momentousness of the occasion, and although it gradually became apparent that the Carthusians were the better team, it took them until within a few minutes of time to raise a goal. This was kicked by Bence-Pembroke from a fine opening made by Vassall. Before this, Vassall and Snell had both missed scoring by inches. A quarter of an hour after change of ends the second goal arrived. Trechmann scored it from a pass by Allan, after an attack on the left. Then the Reptonians shuffled their pack of forwards and did a bit better, but Timmis and Rowlandson came out strong as usual, and they failed to get through.

Hockey: England's Third Win

England beat Scotland in the Hockey International at Glasgow by 3—0. All the goals were hit by Shoveller, who scored twice in the first half and once in the second. Scotland were a trifle unlucky in not scoring, and they lost at least one good chance when weak clearing by Ebden, the English goalkeeper, nearly let in Hackett; but, as a rule, the English defence, Jones and Stocks particularly, was sound. So, for that matter, was the Scottish, and it was the resourcefulness of Shoveller that turned the scale.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Newcastle United beats Woolwich Arsenal by 2—0: The work of the goalkeeper

A good save by the Arsenal goalkeeper

BRIDGE

BY "PROBLEMATICUS"

I am strongly of the opinion that Mr. Agacy's little book, "Correct Bridge" (Simpkin, Marshall: 2s.), is one of the most useful ever written on Bridge, not only for the beginner, but also for the man, or woman, who plays a fair game, because he does not merely tell you to do a thing, to lead through strength for example, but gives you very clearly and concisely the reasons for doing it. In this way, his disciples acquire gradually a knowledge of the first principles which underlie the play, a knowledge which they can continually apply with profit in a thousand varying circumstances. To his second edition he has added an appendix, in which he deals in a very convincing fashion with the objections of his critics, and elaborates, still with conciseness, his theories. In one of his chapters, and in his appendix, he deals at length with the matter of the original lead against a trump declaration, and he opposes strongly and very soundly the enthusiastic supporters of the short-suit lead under all circumstances. He points out that, while the lead of a singleton is often a very good lead, the player who opens always from a short suit to get a ruff generally prevents his partner from playing the game by leading up to Dummy's weakness. On the other hand, if you want to hold up an ace, queen, king, or knave suit, and lead from 9, 7, 3, 2 or 9, 7, 3, you do no harm, because, if Dummy is weak in it, sooner or later the dealer will lead it from Dummy through your partner, and that comes to exactly the same thing as if you had led it yourself. Moreover, even in the trump game, the establishment of a long suit is often of the greatest use, and it is not hopeless to try to bring it in as some writers often assume. Suppose that you have three trumps to the dealer's five, but two good cards more than he in plain suits to bring your suit in with, you are fairly equal, and your long suit becomes most effective. To sum up, Mr. Agacy maintains that you should vary your original lead according as you have a strong or a weak hand. If your hand is strong, make your original lead from your long suit. If your hand is weak, (1) lead from a sequence if you have one; (2) if you have no sequence, lead a strengthening card from the suit which indications point to as being your partner's suit; (3) if there are no indications, open from your weak suit—weak, that is, in high cards—say a 9, 7, 3 suit. In most cases the suit originally led should *not* be a suit you wish your partner to lead when he gets in. The time to lead from a short suit, with a view to a ruff, is when your adversaries are 18 or more up, and a red suit has been called. Speaking roughly, I am inclined to think that the lead from a doubleton, of which the highest card is lower than the 10, is the worst lead at Bridge.

The Lead of a Singleton

With regard, again, to the lead of a singleton, Mr. Agacy says truly that it is a very good lead. But it is a lead which requires judgment, since, when it does go wrong, it is apt to let you down badly. Say that you have a singleton, a strong suit, and four trumps, you will generally find it more profitable to open from your strong suit. It is better to lead a singleton when your opponents have a big score against you; then it is worth while to risk the loss of extra tricks on the chance of saving the game by ruffing. Mr. Agacy finds it a good lead when your partner has doubled, instead of opening with a trump. If your partner gets in and leads it back, it often is; but very often you have a singleton in your partner's strong suit, and he does not need any ruffing in it to establish it, but rather needs the trumps dealing with.

Photo *Lafayette*

Re-stocking the Thames with trout at Weybridge, March 24, 1906

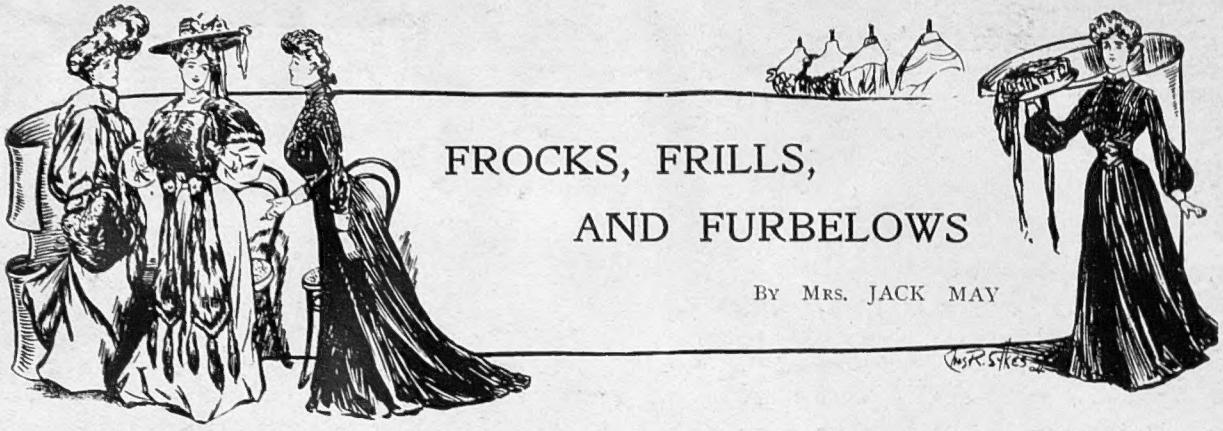
The re-stocking of the Thames with trout has been in active progress during the past few weeks at the various riverside stations. The movement is being promoted by the Fisheries Associations at different places, especially Reading, Twickenham, and Weybridge, at which towns a number of yearling trout have been placed in the water. Our photograph shows the proceedings in progress at the latter place the other day

The New "Spring Chicken" at the Gaiety

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Gertie Millar, in her new Dutch song, "Rotterdam"

This dainty ditty is written in Mr. Lionel Monckton's best vein. The "business" of the song, with the miniature Dutch chorus, is most amusing. Miss Milla exhibits once more the skill and grace with which she dances in clogs. Theatre-goers will recall her "Lancashire Lass" song and dance in *The Orchid*



FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Never in all my experience have I found opinions so diverse as to whether the season's trade would be good or the reverse. At one establishment I find nothing but wreathed smiles, consequent on a steady inflow of orders, while at another everything and everybody is glum and dour, and grumblings are rife as to the decline of prosperity. Now, as a "Bystander," the opportunity is afforded me of seeing both sides of the story, and, in my very humble opinion, the *couturière* community is going to be made to realise very acutely the theory as to the survival of the fittest. The game of bluff is over, so far as the modern woman is concerned. The latter knows what she wants, and takes very particular care to see that she gets it, and rises altogether superior to the glib tongue of the salesman who has been told to push a purchase home, and is, furthermore, steeped in the arrogant belief that a woman can be fooled into anything.

At the risk of being accused of twanging always one string, it is irresistible to point out that recent observation has served to clinch more firmly than ever the belief that the most successful modistic departments are those controlled by women.

The new shirt waist

(Sketched at Shoolbred's, Tottenham House)

A Shoolbred Triumph

Truly there is nothing in the whole universe more gratifying than to find one's premonitions realised. And to be first in the field with an admitted success is a triumph equally exhilarating. It is some years now since Messrs. Shoolbred were inspired by the cause of the real tailor-made shirt for ladies, and in premising the success that has been achieved, I am emboldened to take some small credit to myself. After all, though, the merits were very obvious. Without losing an iota of its severity, this tailor shirt of Shoolbred's has yet contrived to carry a certain individual dash and character, essentials that have gone far to enhance its value in the eyes of the elect. Added to this, there is that most remarkable choice of suitable fabrics, a list yearly augmented until the selection has come to run into some thousands. The very latest recruit is gauze cashmere woven of pure wool, guaranteed unshrinkable, and almost like a mull muslin in texture. The model Miss Hoare has pictured is of this gauze cashmere, in a sporting little Tattersall check of black and powder blue on a white ground. This quality alone comprises twenty-eight or thirty different designs and combinations, and is assured of finding the readiest appreciation among the athletic and motoring fraternity.

Then, of course, there is Japleen, that admixture of Egyptian cotton and silk, a well-tested weave. But, indeed, such may be said of all the three thousand and odd materials employed, the fact being fully recognised that a tailoring shirt, incapable of facing the laundry with impunity, falls woefully short of perfection.

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THE ORCHESTRELLE CO., with its associated houses in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Sydney, etc., is the largest manufacturer of musical instruments in the world.

It possesses a dozen factories in England, America, and Germany, and has agencies in every part of the globe.

Several thousand men are constantly employed, and the yearly output runs into tens of thousands of instruments.

This gigantic undertaking has grown up within comparatively few years, and its success is mainly due to the Pianola. No home is now complete without a piano, and this is rapidly becoming true of the Pianola. It is the most far-reaching and important musical invention of modern times. The infinite charms and delights of music are no longer unknown in homes where there is a Pianola. That the instrument is of the highest artistic value is evidenced by the reception accorded it by the most famous musicians of the day.

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Catalogue **B** gives full particulars.

The Orchestrelle Co.

ÆOLIAN HALL,
135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

Once again, a simple self-measurement form is included with all patterns sent, and so expert has a large experience rendered the department, that a perfect fit is practically guaranteed without a personal visit Knowing what I do, it seems incredible that any woman desiring this particular class of garment can ever go anywhere other than Tottenham House. The large output, it is needless to add, enables the firm to maintain most moderate prices.

Peacock Feathers Defy Superstition

Paris has spoken, and peacock feathers are the vogue. At present the fancy is being touched very tentatively here, but the general acceptance is merely a matter of time. At Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, where the millinery is always peculiarly good and exclusive, the peacock feather is asserting itself with significant defiance, dyed to every imaginable tint. It charmed me especially, arranged in a cluster on a little French sailor, together with the most original rosettes, formed of pointed ribbon-ends, the whole, including the feather, a delicate harmony of Parma violet.

Those who hazarded the belief that the day of flower toques was over will find urgent reason to withdraw the prophesy after a visit to this leading Oxford Street House. The flower toques there are quite supremely fascinating, and wholly different to their predecessors, their chief distinction lying in a daring admixture of blooms of realistic *genre*. Here is an instance: around a crown entirely composed of miniature creeping ivy, there came a close wreath of small pink roses, broken at the left side by an equally close cluster of dark blue forget-me-nots, from whence arose an osprey arrangement of giant lilies-of-the-valley. These giant lilies are so new and so decorative, and their pioneers decline altogether to be trammelled by any stupid horticultural traditions as regards colours, so, as a consequence, they are pressed into innumerable schemes. An ideal black picture hat is a genuine Directoire, with floating ribbon-ends at the back, and a crown smothered in waving black ostrich plumes This is worn at a daring angle.

Of the applauded postillion shape I am not very much enamoured That is altogether too pronounced, although doubtless many will exploit it as a novelty, especially in a smoke-grey straw, called—the millinery fates alone know why—*blé* straw. Also, at Marshall's, it was gratifying to find the ugly hard bowler crown conspicuous by its absence. By the way, an important feature is being made here of *coiffure* adjuncts, *le dernier cri* in black ospreys and plumes, held by jewelled clasps, the new Empire wreath, etc., being all in evidence. And not in single spies, but whole battalions, which fact points to a complete acceptance, in the world where they dress themselves, of a distinct extravagance in this particular quarter.

Japanese Coque Boas

Ready to replace our fur stoles and cravats at the first intimation of spring weather, are some new feather boas, as described above. In appearance, as the name implies, these resemble the *coque* boas of yore, in sort, but are infinitely softer in texture, and entirely free from the hard, prickly stalks that made the wearing of the former fancy an extremely doubtful pleasure. Moreover, these new boas are charmingly dyed in shaded colours, the favourite scheme being a delicate mauve, pink, blue, or biscuit, shading to white at the ends by a gradual process, in a manner eminently artistic and pleasing.

The Menu: FISH COOKERY

Sole à la Portugaise
Cod, with Italian Sauce
Red Mullets (en Caisses)
Curried Fish
Sardines à l'Italienne

For the preparation of these dishes, a good sauce is a very necessary addition, and I wish to draw the attention of my readers to the two foundation sauces, dark and pale, sold by Cosenza, of 95, Wigmore Street.

Sole à la Portugaise

Butter a fireproof china dish, cover the bottom with a layer of tomatoes and Spanish onions, sliced very thinly. Place the sole on the top of this layer, and then tomatoes and onions very thinly sliced on top, cover with Portugaise sauce, place a buttered paper on top, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty-five minutes. Remove the paper, sprinkle with a little grated Parmesan cheese, and serve. For the sauce: Put in a saucepan one tablespoonful of dark foundation to half a pint of water. Stir over a gentle fire with a wooden spoon until the foundation is quite dissolved, add a spoonful of tomato purée, and simmer for a few minutes.

Cod, with Italian Sauce

Choose two nice steaks of cod about half an inch thick, egg and breadcrumb, fry a golden brown, and drain on kitchen paper. Place on a hot dish, and pour Italian sauce round. The sauce is the same as in the first recipe, only omitting the tomato. Garnish with cut lemon and chopped parsley.

Red Mullet (en Caisses)

Clean, scale, and wipe the mullets, take some paper cases, the shape of the mullets, butter them, and place in each a mullet, making some sauce Italienne. Put sufficient sauce in each case to cover the fish, add a small piece of butter on each, bake in the oven, and serve.

Curried Fish

Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan and fry about a teaspoonful of chopped onion and apple till soft and tender. Mix a dessertspoonful of curry powder and a teaspoonful of sugar together, add to the vegetables, and cook altogether for five minutes A little tomato purée is a great improvement. Add half a pint of Italian sauce, and bring to the boil. Free the fish from skin and bone, cut into nice-sized pieces, and put into the sauce; leave it to simmer very gently for thirty minutes. Just before serving, add a little lemon-juice. Serve with boiled rice.

Sardines à l'Italienne

Skin some sardines; place on pieces of toast; put on a fireproof china dish in the oven to get thoroughly hot while preparing the sauce. Make the Italian sauce rather thick; add to it a few drops of lemon-juice, cayenne pepper, and the yolk of an egg. Cook all together till nice and smooth. Cover each sardine with the mixture. Garnish with chopped parsley, and serve.

EMILIA.